

The Editor and Publishers gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to the many owners of copyright poems, for permission to include them in this volume: to Mr. George Barlow, Mr. Harold Begbie, the Executors of the late Professor Blackie, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (for Longfellow's "Discoverer of the North Cape"), Lady Lushington, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (for Mr. F. T. Palgrave's poems), Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. (for Archbishop Trench's "The Alma"), Mrs. Piatt, and the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward ("F. Harold Williams"), etc.

ENGLISH HISTORY IN VERSE

EDITED BY
ERNEST PERTWEE

WITH A PREFACE BY
A. T. POLLARD, M.A. (OXON.)
Late Head Master, City of London School



LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO

PREFACE

A VOLUME of moderate compass which illustrates from English Poetry many of the principal events of the History of England should be of great service, especially to the young. Herein the student gets the facts which have built up England as it is to-day, dealt with in a picturesque manner.

The story of a nation's life as seen by the Poet must always be fascinating, and serve to make the men and actions of the past live again with a reality that prose cannot equally impart.

Such inaccuracies as are to be found in some of the poems and ballads given in this volume are more than balanced by the manner in which the writers portray the spirit animating the times with which they are concerned, and the passions which called forth the character and heroism which they vividly describe.

I believe that to the young this book will prove attractive; that by means of it Teachers will find it a far easier task to awaken an intelligent interest in those wider fields of History upon which this volume makes no attempt to touch.

Mere collections of dates and an arid recital of events have too frequently been the predominating characteristics of History as taught in our schools, and I therefore welcome a volume, such as this, which approaches the Glories of our National Inheritance from the human, imaginative and sympathetic point of view of Poetry.

Pictures and novels have been effective in imprinting on many minds scenes and epochs of historical importance: a volume of verse should be equally effective. This volume, compiled by my former colleague, Mr. Ernest Portwee, may help, I trust, to dissipate the notion that history is a dry study. It is not the first of its kind, but it is more complete and systematic than any of its predecessors.

A. T. POLLARD.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CARACTACUS	Bernard Barton 1
BOADICEA	William Cowper 3
THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR	5
SAXON MONASTERIES	William Wordsworth 8
SAXON TIMES	9
PAULINUS AND EDWIN	F. T. Palgrave 9
THE TERRIBLE SEA-KINGS	Sir Walter Scott 11
SAXON WAR-SONG	Sir Walter Scott 12
THE DEATH SONG OF LODBROG	13
ALFRED THE GREAT	William Wordsworth 13
ALFRED THE GREAT	Sheridan Knowles 14
THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE	H. W. Longfellow 18
DANISH CONQUESTS	William Wordsworth 18
CANUTE	William Wordsworth 19
KING CANUTE	W. M. Thackeray 19
LADY GODIVA	Lord Tennyson 24
A NORMAN PROVERB	29
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS	Sydney Hodges 29
ESCAPE OF MARGARET	34
THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR	Felicia Hemans 35
CRUSADES	William Wordsworth 37
THE DEATH OF RUFUS	Menella Smedley 37
EDITH OF ENGLAND	F. T. Palgrave 38
HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN	Felicia Hemans 40
KING STEPHEN	John Keats 41
ESCAPE OF THE PRINCESS MAUDE	Menella Smedley 43
KNIGHTHOOD	Menella Smedley 44
BALLAD OF FAIR ROSAMUND	Lord Lytton 46
ROBIN HOOD	T. L. Peacock 47
BECKET	48
MURDER OF BECKET	Patrick Scott 51
TRIAL BY JURY	52
FUNERAL OF HENRY OF ANJOU	53
CŒUR DE LION AT HIS FATHER'S BIER	Felicia Hemans 54
LAMENT OF RICHARD	W. E. Aytoun 57
CROSS AND CRESCENT	Theodore Tilton 58
CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD	59
HOW ROBIN HOOD RESCUED THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS	61
DEATH OF CŒUR DE LION	Joseph Anstice 65
"KING JOHN." Selected Scenes	Shakespeare 65
AN INTERDICT	William Wordsworth 72
SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA	Ernest Pertwee 73
BALLAD OF EVESHAM	F. T. Palgrave 73
THE BARD	Thomas Gray 75
DIRGE OF LLYWELYN	F. T. Palgrave 77
GUDE WALLACE	78
THE DEATH OF WALLACE	Robert Southey 82
"EDWARD THE SECOND." Selected Scenes	Marlboro 83
BRUCE TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN	Robert Burns 90
"EDWARD THE THIRD." Selected Scenes	91
THE BLACK DEATH	F. T. Palgrave 96
THE BLACK PRINCE	Menella Smedley 99
"RICHARD THE SECOND." Selected Scenes	Shakespeare 100
BATTLE OF OTTERBURN	110
WHITTINGTON	115
PLANTAGENET GRAVES	Robert Southey 118
KING HENRY IV. Selected Scenes	Shakespeare 120
HENRY V. Selected Scenes	Shakespeare 130

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX <i>Robert Southey</i>	136
KING HENRY VI. Selected Scenes <i>Shakespeare</i>	138
GUY, EARL OF WARWICK <i>Thomas Crabbe</i>	143
JEANNE D'ARC <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	144
MARGARET OF ANJOU <i>Shakespeare</i>	146
WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER <i>William Wordsworth</i>	154
KING EDWARD IV AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.	154
KING RICHARD III. Selected Scenes <i>Shakespeare</i>	160
COLUMBUS <i>Joaquin Miller</i>	174
PERKIN WARBECK. Selected Scenes <i>John Ford</i>	174
MARGARET TUDOR <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	177
PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII.	179
EXTRACT FROM "THE EXCURSION" <i>William Wordsworth</i>	179
FLODDEN FIELD	180
EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN. <i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	181
KING HENRY VIII. Selected Scenes <i>Shakespeare</i>	185
ANNE BOLEYN	195
EDWARD VI <i>William Wordsworth</i>	197
MARY TUDOR. Selected Scenes <i>Sir Aubrey de Vere</i>	197
LADY JANE GREY <i>John Webster</i>	206
LADY JANE GREY <i>Sir Aubrey de Vere</i>	212
QUEEN MARY <i>Sir Aubrey de Vere</i>	219
LATIMER AND RIDLEY <i>William Wordsworth</i>	220
CRANMER <i>William Wordsworth</i>	221
QUEEN ELIZABETH. <i>William Wordsworth</i>	221
IN PRAISE OF THE QUEEN <i>Edmund Spenser</i>	222
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. <i>Robert Southey</i>	223
SIDNEY AT ZUTPHEN <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	225
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS <i>H. G. Bell</i>	229
THE ARMADA <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	235
ELIZABETH AT TILBURY <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	239
SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT <i>Gerald Massey</i>	240
BERMUDAS <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	244
Lines ON SHAKESPEARE <i>Ben Johnson</i>	246
SONNET TO SHAKESPEARE <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	246
A CALL ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH <i>Sarah M. B. Piatt</i>	247
GUNPOWDER PLOT <i>William Wordsworth</i>	249
EVEN SUCH IS TIME <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	249
TROUBLES OF CHARLES I <i>William Wordsworth</i>	250
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS. <i>Felicia Hemans</i>	250
THE PRESBYTERIANS <i>Samuel Butler</i>	252
TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL <i>Milton</i>	253
STRAFFORD <i>Robert Browning</i>	253
MEDITATION OF LORD STRAFFORD IN THE TOWER	260
ON THE NEW FORCES OF CONSCIENCE (1647) <i>Milton</i>	262
MARSTON MOOR. <i>W. M. Praed</i>	262
THE BATTLE OF NASEBY <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	265
CAVALIER TUNES <i>Robert Browning</i>	269
I. Marching Along	269
II. Give a Rouse	270
III. Boot and Saddle	271
TO ALTHEA IN PRISON <i>Richard Lovelace</i>	272
THE FUGITIVE KING <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	273
TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST <i>Mary Russell Mitford</i>	274
ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE	283
THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE <i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	283
MELTING OF THE EARL'S PLATE <i>G. W. Thornbury</i>	289
CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	290
ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE, ETC. <i>Andrew Marvell</i>	294
ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL <i>John Dryden</i>	297

	PAGE
CHARLES THE SECOND	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 298
HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY	299
THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON	<i>Ernest Pettee</i> 299
THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL	300
THE OLD CAVALIER	<i>Sir F. H. Doyle</i> 302
EPITAPH ON CHARLES II	<i>Earl of Rochester</i> 304
THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN	<i>R. S. Hawker</i> 304
THE BALLAD OF KING MONMOUTH	<i>F. T. Palgrave</i> 305
THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i> 307
THE BOYNE WATER	311
THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL	<i>(J. W. Thornbury</i> 314
BONNIE DUNDEE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 315
THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 317
THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM	<i>Robert Southey</i> 319
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 321
THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 321
THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUR	323
THE VICAR OF BRAY	325
FONTENOY	<i>Thomas Davis</i> 327
CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i> 330
LAMENT FOR CULLODEN	<i>Robert Burns</i> 333
QUEBEC	<i>Charles Sangster</i> 334
BUONAPARTE	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 334
THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 335
TRAFALGAR	<i>F. T. Palgrave</i> 337
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	<i>Charles Wolfe</i> 342
THE EVE OF WATERLOO	<i>Lord Byron</i> 343
THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON	<i>J. Stuart Blackie</i> 345
NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL	<i>Lord Byron</i> 347
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 348
ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 349
THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON	<i>John M'Lehlan</i> 350
THE LAY OF THE CHIEF	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 351
THE LONDON UNIVERSITY	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 353
THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 356
PLEDGES, BY A TEN-POUND HOUSEHOLDER	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 357
CHARIST SONG	<i>Thomas Cooper</i> 359
THE MORNING DREAM	<i>William Cooper</i> 361
VICTORIA'S TEARS	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 362
THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA	<i>R. H. Barham</i> 364
CROWNED AND WEDDED	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 367
THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 370
ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 373
THE ALMA	<i>R. C. Trench</i> 374
BALACLAVA	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 375
INKERMAN	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 377
A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON	<i>Henry Newbolt</i> 383
AFTER CAWNPORE	<i>F. T. Palgrave</i> 385
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	<i>R. T. S. Lowell</i> 389
THE RED THRAD OF HONOUR	<i>Sir F. H. Doyle</i> 391
OUR EMPRESS QUEEN	<i>Clement Scott</i> 394
THE GUIDES AT CABUL	<i>Henry Newbolt</i>
ROBKE'S DRIFT	<i>Ernest Port</i>
	<i>George B</i>
L GORDON	<i>George B</i>
DAY	<i>Harold I</i>
ITH	<i>Harold W</i>
MAFEEKING	<i>Freeman Appleard</i> 401
QUEEN VICTORIA	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 407

EARLY BRITAIN

CARACTACUS, A.D. 51

BY BERNARD BARTON

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne,
In mind's unconquered mood,
As if the triumph were his own,
The dauntless captive stood.
None, to have seen his free-born air,
Had fancied him a captive there.

Though, through the crowded streets of Rome,
With slow and stately tread,
Far from his own loved island home,
That day in triumph led,
Unbowed his head, unbent his knee,
Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast
On temple, arch, and tower,
By which the long procession passed
Of Rome's victorious power ;
And somewhat of a scornful smile
Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,
Where slaves might prostrate fall,
Bearing a Briton's manly mien
In Caesar's palace hall ;
Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,
The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand
The claim that look preferred,
But motioned, with uplifted hand,
The suppliant should be heard—
If he indeed a suppliant were ;
Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
From Claudius on his throne
Down to the meanest slave that bowed
At his imperial throne ;
Silent his fellow-captives' grief,
As fearless spoke the island chief :

“ Think not, thou eagle lord of Rome
And master of the world,
Though victory's banner o'er thy dome
In triumph be unfurled,
I would address thee as thy slave,
But as the bold should greet the brave.

“ I might, perchance, could I have deigned
To hold a vassal's throne,
E'en now in Britain's isle have reigned
A king in name alone,
Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
A monarch's mimic pageantry

“ Then through Rome's crowded streets to-day
I might have passed with thee,
Not in a captive's base array,
But fetterless and free—
If freedom he could hope to find
Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

“ But canst thou marvel that, free born,
With heart and soul unquelled,
Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
By thy permission held ;

BOADICEA

Or that I should retain my right
Till wrested by a conqueror's might ?

“Rome, with her palaces and towers,
By us, unwished, unreft
Her homely huts and woodland bowers
To Britain might have left ;
Worthless to you their wealth must be,
But dear to us, for they were free.

“I might have bowed before, but where
Had been thy triumph now ?
To my resolve no yoke to bear
Thou ow'st thy laurelled brow ;
Inglorious victory had been thine,
And more inglorious bondage mine.

“Now I have spoken, do thy will ;
Be life or death my lot,
Since Britain's throne no more I fill
To me it matters not.
My fame is clear ; but on my fate
Thy glory or thy shame must wait.”

He ceased ; from all around up sprung
A murmur of applause ;
For well had truth and freedom's tongue
Maintained their holy cause.
The conqueror was the captive then :
He bade the slave be free again.

BOADICEA, A.D. 62

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

(the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

BOADICEA

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew—
None invincible as thou — ”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR 5

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died ;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR, A.D. 514

OLD BALLAD

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain born,
King Arthur I am to name ;
Through Christendom and Heathinesse,
Well-known is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I do believe ;
I am a Christian bore ;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One God I do adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth year,
Over Brittain I did reign,
After my Saviour Christ His birth :
What time I did maintain.

The fellowship of the table round,
So famous in those days ;
Whereat a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat always :

Who for their deeds and martial feats,
As books do yet record,
Amongst all other nations
Were feared through the world.

6 THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR

And in the Castle of Tintagel
King Uther me begate
Of Agyana, a beauteous lady,
And come of "high" estate.

And when I was fifteen year old,
Then was I crownèd king :
All Brittain that was at an uproar,
I did to quiet bring.

And drove the Saxons from the realm,
Who had opprest this land ;
All Scotland then through manly feats
I conquerèd with my hand.

Ireland, Denmark, Norway,
These countries wan I all ;
Iceland, Gothland, and Swothland ;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquerèd all Gallia,
That now is callèd France ;
And slew the hardy Froll in field
My honour to advance.

And the ugly giant Dynabus
So terrible to view,
That in Saint Barnard's mount did lie,
By force of arms I slew :

And Lucius, the Emperor of Rome,
I brought to deadly wrack ;
And a thousand more of noble knights
For fear did turn their back :

Five kings of "paynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife,
Besides the Grecian Emperor,
Who also lost his life.

Whose carcase I did send to Rome
Clad poorly on a bier ;
And afterwards I passed Mount-Joy
The next approaching year.

Then I came to Rome, where I was met
Right as a conqueror,
And by all the cardinals solemnly
I was crowned an emperor.

One winter there I made abode,
Then word to me was brought
How Mordred had oppressed the crown—
What treason he had wrought

At home in Brittain with my queen ;
Therefore I came with speed
To Brittain back, with all my power
To quit that trait'rous deed.

And soon at Sandwich I arrived,
Where Mordred me withstood ;
But yet at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew, Sir Gawaine, died,
Being wounded in that sore,
The which Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Then chased I Mordred away,
Who fled to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornwall took his flight.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last we met,
Whereby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and set.

SAXON MONASTERIES

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Each other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalry
Of Brittain took their end ;
Oh see how fickle is their state
That do on feats depend !

There all the trait'rous men were slain,
Not one escaped away :
And there died all my valiant knights.
Alas ! that woeful day !

Two and twenty year I wore the crown
In honour and great fame ;
And thus by death was suddenly
Deprivèd of the same.

SAXON MONASTERIES AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION,

A.D. 590

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

By such examples moved to unbought pains
The people work like congregated bees ;
Eager to build the quiet fortresses
Where piety, as they believe, obtains
From heaven a *general* blessing ; timely rains
Or needful sunshine ; prosperous enterprise,
And peace, and equity.—Bold faith ! yet rise
The sacred structures for less doubtful gains.
The sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste votaries seek, beyond the grave
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave ;
And, if full oft the sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.

SAXON TIMES, A.D. 597

ANONYMOUS

THE blue-eyed Saxon came over the sea,
A strong and a steadfast man was he ;
But he worshipped the terrible thunderer Thor,
And he dyed his hands in his foeman's gore.
Gone was the British place and name,
Or only lived through King Arthur's fame ;
Ruined the Church, and fled the priest,
Psalm and prayer and chant had ceased ;
And heathen was Britain's isle once again,
Save where Welshmen lurked in the mountain's glen.

But a captive boy was snatched from home,
To become a slave in the streets of Rome ;
And good Gregory walked in the market-place,
And marked the child with the lovely face.
" The Angle an angel's form doth bear,
O that he were with the angels heir !
Deira his home, from the ire divine,
To rescue that land, may the task be mine ;
Where Ella is King, Alleluias of praise,
May the ransomed sons of Northumbria raise ! "

So the Cross was borne to our land once more,
The Gospel resounded from shore to shore ;
And the stolen boy in the market sold
Sent home to his country a blessing untold.

PAULINUS AND EDWIN, A.D. 627

BY TURNER PALGRAVE

THE black-hair'd gaunt Paulinus
By ruddy Edwin stood :—
" Bow down, O King of Deira,
Before the holy Rood !

Cast forth thy demon idols,
And worship Christ our Lord ! ”
—But Edwin look’d and ponder’d,
And answer’d not a word.

Again the gaunt Paulinus
To ruddy Edwin spake :
“ God offers life immortal
For his dear Son’s own sake !
Wilt thou not hear his message
Who bears the Keys and Sword ? ’
—But Edwin look’d and ponder’d,
And answer’d not a word.

Rose then a sage old warrior ;
Was five-score winters old ;
Whose beard from chin to girdle
Like one long snow-wreath roll’d :—
“ At Yule-time in our chamber
We sit in warmth and light,
While cavern-black around us
Gapes the grim mouth of Night.

“ Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door :
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash and no more !
We see it born from darkness,
And into darkness go :—
So is our life, King Edwin !
Ah, that it should be so !

“ But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell ;
Some news of whence and whither,
And where the Soul may dwell :—
If on that outer darkness
The sun of Hope may shine ;—
He makes life worth the living !
I take his God for mine ! ”

So spake the wise old warrior ;
And all about him cried,
“ Paulinus’ God hath conquer’d !
And he shall be our guide :—
For he makes life worth living,
Who brings this message plain,—
When our brief days are over,
That we shall live again.”

THE TERRIBLE SEA-KINGS, A.D. 800

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE Sea King came of a royal strain,
And roved with his Northmen the land and the
main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted, for there
Was shedding of blood and rending of hair,
Stealing of child and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast.
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack ;
And he burned the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.
On Erin’s shore was his outrage known ;
The winds of France had his banner blown ;
Little there was to plunder, but still
His pirates had forayed on Scottish hill ;
But upon Merry England’s coast
Most frequent he sailed, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleamed white ’gainst the welkin’s blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call ;
Burghers hastened to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland, his fury to ’scape,
Beacons were lighted on watch-tower and cape ;
Bells were tolled out, and aye as they rung

Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung—
“Defend us, O Lord, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and the Northman’s dread
ire.”

SAXON WAR-SONG

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHET the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon !
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist !
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed ;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks !
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling !
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon !
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist !

All must perish !
The sword cleaveth the helmet ;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance :
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish !
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more !
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword !
Let your blades drink blood like wine ;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls !
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm.
And spare neither for pity nor fear,

THE DEATH SONG OF LODBROG 13

For vengeance hath but an hour ;
Strong hate itself shall expire !
I also must perish.

THE DEATH SONG OF LODBROG, A.D. 800

OLD VERSE

“ WE fought with our swords !

“ In my boyhood we fought towards the east ;
we made torrents of blood flow to gorge the beasts
of prey and the yellow-footed bird. There the
hard steel sounded on the lofty helmets. The
whole sea was blood. The crow waded in the gore
of the slain !

“ We fought with our swords !

“ In more than fifty battles have I raised my
flag. When a youth I learned to make my sword
red, and my hope was that no king would be more
renowned. The goddesses of death will soon call
to me ! Death is no sorrow !

“ We fought with our swords !

“ Now I end my song ! The goddesses call me
away, they whom Odin has sent from his hall to
meet me. Seated aloft, I shall joyfully drink ale
with the goddesses of death ! The hours of my
life are run out. With a smile shall I die ! ”

ALFRED THE GREAT, A.D. 871

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

BEMOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious Alfred, king to justice dear ;
Lord of the harp and liberating spear ;
Mirror of princes ! Indigent renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown

Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
 Ease from this noble miser of his time
 No moment steals ; pain narrows not his cares.
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
 And Christian India through her widespread clime
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

ALFRED THE GREAT (A DRAMA)

BY SHERIDAN KNOWLES

SCENE—A HUT.

ALFRED *discovered trimming some arrows, with an unfinished bow beside him. MAUDE kneading flour for cakes.*

MAUDE (*aside*). Ay ! there he's at his work ; if work that is

Which spareth toil. He'll trim a shaft, or shape
 A bow with any archer in the land,
 But neither can he plough, nor sow !—I doubt
 If he can dig—I am sure he cannot reap—
 He has hands and arms, but not the use of them !
 Corin !

ALF. Your will ?

MAUDE. Would thou couldst do my will
 As readily as ask it ! Go to the door ;
 And look if Edwin comes. Dost see him ?

ALF. No.

MAUDE. Bad omen that ! He'll bring an empty
 creel ;

Else were he home ere now. Put on more wood ;
 And lay the logs on end ; you'll learn in time
 To make a fire. Why, what a litter's there,
 With trimming of your shafts that never hit !

Ten days ago you kill'd a sorry buck ;
Since when your quiver have you emptied thrice,
Nor ruffled hair nor feather.

ALF. If the game
Are scarce and shy, I cannot help it.

MAUDE. Out !
Your aim I wot is shy ; your labour scarce ;
There's game enow, would'st thou but hunt for
them ;
And when you find them, hit them. What expect'st
To-day for dinner ?

ALF. What Heaven sends !

MAUDE. Suppose
It sends us naught ?

ALF. Its will be done !

MAUDE. You'd starve ;
So would not I, knew I to bend a bow,
Or cast a line. See if thou hast the skill
To watch these cakes, the while they toast,

ALF. I'll do
My best.

MAUDE. Nor much to brag of, when all's done !
[Exit.]

ALF. (*alone*). This is the lesson of dependence.
Taught by a peasant's wife, whom fate hath made
Her sovereign's monitress. She little knows
At whom she rails ; yet is the roof her own ;
Nor does she play the housewife grudgingly,
Give her her humour ! So ! How stands the
account

'Twixt me and fortune ? We are wholly quits !—
She dress'd me—She has stripp'd me ! On a throne
She placed me—she has struck me from my seat !
Nor in the respect where sovereigns share alike
With those they rule, was she less kind to me—
Less cruel ! High she filled for me the cup
Of bliss connubial—she has emptied it !

Parental love she set before me too,
 And bade me banquet ; scarce I tasted, ere
 She snatch'd the feast away ! My queen !—My
 child !—

Where are they ? 'Neath the ashes of my castle !
 I sat upon their tomb one day—one night !
 Then first I felt the thralldom of despair.
 The despot he ! He would not let me weep !
 There were the fountains of my tears as dry
 As they had never flow'd ! My heart did swell
 To bursting ; yet no sigh would he let forth
 With vent to give it ease. There had I sat
 And died. But Heaven a stronger tyrant sent—
 Hunger—that wrench'd me from the other's grasp
 And dragg'd me hither !—This is not the lesson
 I set myself to con !

Re-enter MAUDE.

MAUDE. 'Tis noon, and yet
 No sign of Edwin ! Dost thou mind thy task ?
 Look to't ! and when the cakes are fit to turn
 Call, and I'll come !

ALF. I'll turn them, dame.

MAUDE. You will ?
 You'll break them !—Know I not your handy ways ?
 I would not suffer thee put finger to them !
 Call, when 'tis time ! You'll turn the cakes, for-
 sooth !
 As likely thou could'st make the cakes as turn them !

[

ALF. So much for pity ! Adversity's
 The nurse for kings ; but when the palace gates
 Are shut against her ! They would else have hearts
 Of mercy oft'ner—gems not always dropp'd
 In fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
 How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
 Still waited on the hour ? Can he perceive
 How nakedness converts the kindly milk

Of nature into ice, to whom each change
Of season—yea, each shifting of the wind,
Presents his fitting suit ? Knows he the storm
That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
Thro' the safe wall—its voice alone can pierce ;
And there talks comfort to him with the tongue,
That bids without the shelterless despair ?
Perhaps he marks the mountain wave, and smiles
So high it rolls !—while on its fellow hangs
The fainting seaman glaring down at death
In the deep trough below ! I will extract
Riches from penury ; from sufferings
Coin blessings ; that if I assume again
The sceptre, I may be the more a king
By being more a man !

*MAUDE re-enters, goes towards the fire, lifts the cakes,
goes to ALFRED, and holds them to him.*

MAUDE. Is this your care ?
Ne'er did you dream that meal was made of corn,
Which is not grown until the earth be plough'd,
Which is not garner'd up until 'tis cut :
Which is not fit for use until 'tis ground ;
Nor used then till kneaded into bread ?
Ne'er knew you this ? It seems you never did,
Else had you known the value of the bread :
Thought of the ploughman's toil ; the reaper's sweat ;
The miller's labour ; and the housewife's thrift ;
And not have left my barley cakes to burn
To very cinders !

ALF. I forgot, good dame.

'MAUDE. Forgot, good dame, forsooth ! You
ne'er forgot
To eat my barley cakes ! [*knock.*] Open the door !

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE
A.D. 890

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery grey
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Other,
His cheek had the colour of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

DANISH CONQUESTS, A.D. 1017

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Woe to the crown that doth the cowl obey !
Dissension checks the arms that would restrain
The incessant rovers of the Northern main ;
And widely spreads once more a pagan sway :
But gospel-truth is potent to allay

Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,
His native superstitions melt away.
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
The full-orbed moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds ;
How no one can resolve ; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

CANUTE, A.D. 1018

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,
From monks in Ely chanting service high,
Whileas Canute the king is rowing by :
“ My oarsmen,” quoth the mighty king, “ draw
near,
That we the sweet song of the monks may hear !
He listens, (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams),
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.
The royal minstrel, ere the choir is still,
While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.
O suffering earth ! be thankful ; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended piety and song.

KING CANUTE, A.D. 1020

BY W. M. THACKERAY

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted ; he had reigned
for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much
and robbing more ;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the
wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king
with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks
and goldsticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers
of state,

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose
to pause :

If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers
dropped their jaws ;

If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in
loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear
to old and young :

Thrice his grace had yawned at table, when his
favourite gleemen sung,

Once the queen would have consoled him, but he
bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the
keeper of the seal.

"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner,
or the veal ?"

"Pshaw !" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper,
'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth
my rest impair :

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know
no care ?

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Some one
cried, "The king's arm-chair !"

towards the lackeys turning, quick my lord
the keeper nodded,

Straight the king's great chair was brought him, by
two footmen able-bodied ;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably
wadded.

“ Leading on my fierce companions,” cried he, “ over
storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered ! Where was
glory like to mine ? ”
Loudly all the courtiers echoed : “ Where is glory
like to thine ? ”

“ What avail me all my kingdoms ? Weary am I
now and old ;
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead
and cold ;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the
silent mould !

“ Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent ! at my bosom
tears and bites ;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all
the lights ;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed
at nights.

“ Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacri-
legious fires ;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their
slaughtered sires.”—
“ Such a tender conscience,” cries the bishop,
“ every one admires.

“ But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my
gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother
Church ;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the
lurch.

"Look ! the land is crowned with minsters, which
 your grace's bounty raised ;
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven
 are daily praised :
You, my lord, to think of dying ? on my conscience
 I'm amazed !"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end
 is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving
 each to squeeze a tear).

"Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live
 this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years" ! the bishop roared, with
 actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak
 of King Canute !

Men have lived *a thousand* years, and sure his
 majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahalaleel,
 Methuselah,

Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the
 king as well as they ?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the keeper, "fervently I
 trust he may."

"*He to die ?*" resumed the bishop. "He a mortal
 like to *us* ?

Death was not for him intended, though *communis
 omnibus* :

Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor
 can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean
 upon their feet ;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness
 think it meet.

“ Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon
the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver
moon stand still ?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his
sacred will.”

“ Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop ? ”
Canute cried ;
“ Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her
heavenly ride ?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command
the tide.

“ Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I
make the sign ? ”
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, “ Land and sea, my
lord, are thine.”
Canute turned towards the ocean—“ Back ! ” he
said, “ thou foaming brine.

“ From the sacred shore I stand on, I command
thee to retreat ;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy
master’s seat :
Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to
my feet ! ”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper
roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding
on the shore ;
Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and
courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to
human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth
and seas obey :

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from
that day.

. . . King Canute is dead and gone: parasites
exist alway.

LADY GODIVA, A.D. 1057

BY LORD TENNYSON

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this :—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd ; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry : for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamouring, " If we pay, we starve."
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, " If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
" You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these* ? "—" But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul :
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear ;
" O ay, ay, ay, you talk ! "—" Alas ! " she said,
" But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,

He answer'd, " Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it " ; and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition ; but that she would loose
The people : therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing ; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee ;
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see ; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses : the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity :
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,

The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused ;
And she, that knew not, pass'd ; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
noon
Was clash'd and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one : but even then she gain'd
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

NORMAN PERIOD
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR
(1066-1087)

A NORMAN PROVERB.

To rise at five and dine at nine,
To sup at five to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, *October 14,*
1066

BY SYDNEY HODGES

Up sprang the sun in glory,
Across the burning sky ;
And straight the broad bright world awoke
Beneath his regnant eye.

And fast the mists of morning
Before his steps were driven,
As flashing far, his golden wheels
Rolled up the hill of heaven.

And when the clouds had risen
From stream, and wold, and wood,
Far glittering in the light of day,
The two great armies stood.

Beneath the Royal banner,
The London Burghers stand ;
And closely round are pressing,
The noblest of the land.

One broad, bright lake of silver sheen
Seemed all that great array,—
It was a regal sight to see
King Harold's flag that day.

The figure of a fighting man,
In combat fierce and bold,
Was woven in its crimson woof
With precious gems and gold.

And where it waved stood Harold,
Mid warriors true and tried :
The broad axe gleamed within his hand,
The targe was by his side.

From his red steed dismounted,
He bravely stands in front,
To share with all his gallant men,
The glory and the brunt.

Now from the Norman centre
Duke William forward sprang ;
Beneath his war-steed's iron hoof
The earth like thunder rang.

The great undaunted war-steed,
Coal black from heel to mane,
Brought by the noble pilgrim,
From the fair lands of Spain.

High rode the noble Norman,
In armour cap-a-pie ;
In all the realms of Christendom,
No fairer knight than he.

No fairer knight to outward sight
That day to battle came ;
But from his neck the relics hung,
That told of frauds and shame.

High spoke the noble Norman,
His voice was like a spell ;
O'er all the glittering ranks of men,
A breathless silence fell.

“ Sons of the mighty Rollo,
Ere yon bright orb is set,
A richer conquest shall be ours,
Than ever crowned us yet.

The life blood in your bosoms,
Still bounds as high and bold
As that which led our fathers on
To matchless deeds of old.

By all your glories gained before,
By all that yet shall be ;
Now, now, ye Normans, charge amain,
For God and Chivalry ! ”

* * * *

FitzOsborne and Montgomery,
They lead the foremost line ;
FitzOsborne, whose great deeds of fame
Bright as his hauberk shine.

Fast, fast his light-armed bowmen
Press o'er the open ground,
And far along the gathering line
The battle cries resound.

As drives the hail in winter
Across the darkened sky,
From those bold Norman archers,
A thousand arrows fly.

But firm stood every Saxon,
Beneath his shining shield,
And harmless fell a thousand shafts
Upon the battle field.

Forth leaping high in heaven,
The Duke's good broadsword shines ;
And at his word the leaders,
Went thundering down the lines.

Fast came the Norman squadrons,
On war-steeds prancing wild,
But fast the Saxon met their charge,
And sternly on them smiled.

Now darker grew the battle,
The Saxon smiled no more,
But, limb to limb, with visage grim,
Struck out 'mid dust and gore.

The deadly axe descended,
The lance was thrown aside ;
And many a warlike visage
With spouting blood was dyed.

And madly reared the horses,
And snorted loud and fell ;
And o'er the heaps of slaughtered men,
The fight raged like a hell.

And thousands lay death-stricken,
'Neath that dark field of gore
By the red whirlpool of the war
Dragged down to rise no more.

Throughout the Norman centre,
The battle still raged hot ;
But far along the outer line,
A sudden panic shot.

It seized upon the horsemen,
The horsemen of Bretagne,
For wide was there the slaughter,
And wide the heaps of slain

And yet a greater panic
Spread o'er the battle plain,
When a low murmur passed about,
Burst forth in one tumultuous shout,
"The Duke, the Duke is slain."

Forth to the fight sprang William,
With eye of fury's fire,
His helm was gone, his head was bare,
His cheek was white with ire.

His steed sprang like a lion
Forth from its forest lair,
The yellow foam was on his flank
His bloody eyeball bare.

"Back ! back ! ye trembling cowards,
Back, cravens, back or die ;
Blood of St. Denis, have I lived
To see a Norman fly ?

"And by yon holy banner,
He'll find fit cause for fear,
Who dares while this good broadsword waves,
To play the coward here ! "

Swift at the word they rally,
And turn again to fight ;
And foremost sped Duke William,
With blade and arm and might.

And from his reeking broadsword,
Rolled many a grisly head :
And fast around his passage rose
Great heaps of quivering dead.

32 THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Now had the fight been raging
For six long hours and more ;
And every hour the slaughter
Grew deadlier than before ;

When on a rising hillock,
Hard by the Norman right,
Duke William drew his charger's rein
And gazed far o'er the fight.

" A blight upon these Saxons,"
With baffled rage he cried ;
" Not all the fiercest ranks of hell
Could quell their stubborn pride.

" I swear by this good broadsword,
I'd forfeit half my right,
To see that tinselled banner
Torn down from yonder height."

No word spake Robert Tesser,
But slowly turned his steed ;
Then galloped lightly to the rear,
And dashed across the mead ;

Beneath the westward hill he rode
Toward a distant wood,
That, stretching from the Saxon flank,
In quiet beauty stood.

He led his charger up the wood
With stealthy steps and slow,
O'erlooking from the topmost height
The glittering host below.

And as the red-winged lightning
Shoots down some mountain crag,
Broke wildly from the wooded height,
And rushed upon the flag.

Still onward plunged his charger,
The flag was in his grasp ;
When one death-dealing blow behind
Unfixed his gorget clasp.

* * * *

Down, down, sank Robert Tesser,
Like a ship beneath the flood ;
While o'er him closed a sea of swords,
Red with his noble blood.

The sun was fast descending
Below the western hill,
But round the royal banner
The fight was raging still.

And fast the Norman courage
Was changing into dread ;
When from a bowman in the rear
A random arrow sped.

Swift for an instant in its flight
It glanced across the sky,
Then on the fair-haired Harold fell,
And pierced his princely eye.

He reeled, and for a moment
Sank low upon his knee ;
Then sprang up like the swift rebound
Of some tall storm-bent tree.

Beneath the crimson banner
He sternly took his stand ;
The sharp wound rankled in his eye,
But still he grasped his brand.

Fierce foes were pressing round him,
Quick came and went his breath ;
He felt the life-blood flowing fast,
But still fought on to death.

* * * *

ESCAPE OF MARGARET

A dazzling beam of glory
From out the fading west
For one brief instant bathed his brow
And tinged his golden crest.
And foremost in the battle,
His spirit soared for flight,
While closing o'er his lifeless corpse
Rolled on the waves of fight.
When that bright eve was ended,
When fell the gloom of night,
What fate had marked those dauntless hearts
That fought for England's right ?
Where lay at night those glittering ranks,
That when the morn arose
Fast flowing on in mailèd might
So nobly met their foes ?
Far stretched around their slaughtered king,
A mournful heap of slain.
How few of all that gallant host
E'er saw the morn again !
Yet worse their fate who still lived on,
A broken, scattered band,
While the proud Norman sat enthroned,
The conqueror of the land.

ESCAPE OF MARGARET OF SCOTLAND AFTER HASTINGS (1066)

A BALLAD

To Malcolm's court came Saxon lords
From Hastings' fatal field ;
With manly scars from Norman swords,
And wounded hearts unhealed.
Lamenting Harold's glory set
In blood at manhood's morn ;

THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR 35

Lamenting high-born Margaret,
A fugitive forlorn.

The hope of Edward's royal race
And English hearts was she ;
The maid who from the Norman's face,
Sought refuge o'er the sea.

Then woman's meekness side by side
With manly worth was seen ;
When love enthroned her Malcolm's bride
And shouts proclaimed her queen.

Oh, then the truths her maiden years
Had silently set forth
She taught with earnest speech the peers
Who ruled the rugged North.

She said, " The weekly rest restore
To God and labour due ;
The half-forgotten round once more
Of fasts and feasts renew.

" From pleasure fast, from stately pride
With alms and humble prayer,
And ever in your feasts provide
The friendless poor a share."

True wife, whose gentle teaching led
Her husband's will to good ;
Mother of kings, whose nurture fed
Their souls with heavenly food.

THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR

BY FELICIA HEMANS

LOWLY upon his bier
The royal Conqueror lay ;
Baron and chief stood near,
Silent in war array

36 THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR

They lowered him with the sound
Of requiems to repose ;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose :

“ Forbear ! forbear ! ” it cried,
“ In the holiest name forbear,
He hath conquered regions wide
But he shall not slumber *there* !

“ By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud shrine ;
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine ;

“ By the home e’en here o’erthrown,
On my brethren’s native spot ;—
Hence with his dark renown,
Cumber our birthplace not !

“ Each pillar’s massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes ;
Away ! bestow your dead
Where no voice against him cries.”

Shame glowed on each dark face
Of these proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader’s dust e’en then—

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far !
And a peasant’s tale could dim
The name—a nation’s star !

CRUSADES

KING WILLIAM II, 1087-1100

CRUSADES

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE turbaned race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west ; though driven from Aquitaine,
The crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain :
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.

THE DEATH OF RUFUS, 1100

BY MENELLA SMEDLEY

To hunt rode fierce King Rufus,
Upon a holy morn—
The Church had summon'd him to pray,
But he held the Church in scorn.
Sir Walter Tyrrel rode with him,
And drew his good bow-string ;
He drew the string to smite a deer,
But his arrow smote the king !
Hurl'd from his trembling charger,
The death-struck monarch lay ;
While fast, as flees the startled deer,
Rash Tyrrel fled away :
On the spot where his strong hand had made
So many desolate,
He died with none to pity him—
Such was the tyrant's fate !

EDITH OF ENGLAND

None mourn'd for cruel Rufus :
With pomp they buried him ;
But no heart grieved beside his bier—
No kindly eye grew dim ;
But poor men lifted up their heads,
And clasp'd their hands, and said :
“ Thank God, the ruthless Conqueror
And his stern son are dead ! ”

KING HENRY I, 1100–1135

EDITH OF ENGLAND, 1100

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

THRO' sapling shades of summer green,
By glade and height and hollow,
Where Rufus rode the stag to bay,
King Henry spurs a jocund way,
Another chase to follow.
But when he came to Romsey gate
The doors are opened free,
And thro' the gate like sunshine streams,
A maiden company :—
One girdled with the vervain-red,
And three in sendal grey ;
And touch the trembling rebeck-strings
To their soft roundelay ;

The bravest knight may fail in fight ;
The red rust edge the sword ;
The king his crown in dust lay down ;
But Love is always Lord !

King Henry at her feet flings down
His helmet ringing loudly :—
His kisses worship Edith's hand ;
“ Wilt thou be Queen of all the land ? ”

—O red she blushed and proudly !
Red as the crimson girdle bound
 Beneath her gracious breast ;
Red as the silken scarf that flames
 Above his lion crest.
She lifts and casts the cloister-veil
 All on the cloister-floor :—
The novice maids of Romsey smile,
And think of love once more.

“ Well, well, to blush ! ” the Abbess cried.
 “ The veil and vow deriding,
That rescued thee, in baby days
From insolence of Norman gaze,
In pure and holy hiding.
—O royal child of South and North,
 Malcolm and Margaret,
The promised bride of Heaven, art thou,
 And Heaven will not forget !
What reck's it, if an alien King
 Encoronet thy brow,
Or if the false Italian priest
Pretend to loose the vow ? ”

O then to white the red rose went
 On Edith's cheek abiding !
With even glance she answered meek,
 “ I leave the life I did not seek,
 In holy Church confiding ” :—
Then Love smiled true on Henry's face,
 And Anselm joined the hands
That in one race two races bound
 By everlasting bands.
So Love is Lord, and Alfred's blood
 Returns the land to sway ;
And all her joyous maidens join
 In their soft roundelay :—

For though the knight may fail in fight,
The red rust edge the sword,
The king his crown in dust lay down,
Yet Love is always Lord.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN, 1120

BY FELICIA HEMANS

THE bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on ;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son ?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?—
He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave ;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave ?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing ;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring ;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again !

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured ;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board ;

Graves, which true love had bathed with tears
Were left to Heaven's bright rain ;
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again !

KING STEPHEN

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alarum. Enter King STEPHEN, Knights, and Soldiers.

STEPHEN. If shame can on a soldier's vein-
swoll'n front
Spread deeper crimson than the battle's toil,
Blush in your casing helmets ! for sec, see !
Yonder my chivalry, my pride of war,
Wrench'd with an iron hand from firm array,
Are routed loose about the plashy meads,
Of honour forfeit. O, that my known voice
Could reach your dastard ears, and fright you more !
Fly, cowards, fly ! Gloucester is at your backs !
Throw your slack bridles o'er the flurried manes,
Ply well the rowell with faint trembling heels,
Scampering to death at last !

1st KNIGHT. The enemy
Bears his flaunt standard close upon their ear.

2nd KNIGHT. Sure of a bloody prey, seeing the
fens

Will swamp them girth-deep.

STEPHEN. Over head and ears,
No matter! 'Tis a gallant enemy;

How like a comet he goes streaming on.
But we must plague him in the flank,—hey, friends !
We are well-breath'd,—follow !

SCENE II. *Another part of the Field.*

*Trumpets sounding a Victory. Enter GLOCESTER,
Knights, and Forces.*

GLOCESTER. Now may we lift our bruised visors
up,

And take the flattering freshness of the air
While the wide din of battle dies away
Into times past, yet to be echoed sure
In the silent pages of our chroniclers.

1st KNIGHT. Will Stephen's death be mark'd
there, my good Lord,
Or that we gave him lodging in yon towers ?

GLOCESTER. Fain would I know the great
usurper's fate. (*Enter two Captains severally.*)

1st CAPTAIN. My lord !

2nd CAPTAIN. Most noble Earl !

1st CAPTAIN. The King—

2nd CAPTAIN. The Empress greets—

GLOCESTER. What of the King ?

1st CAPTAIN. He sole and lone maintains
A hopeless bustle 'mid our swarming arms,
And with a nimble savageness attacks,
Escapes, makes fiercer onset, then anew
Eludes death, giving death to most that dare
Trespass within the circuit of his sword !
He must by this have fallen. Baldwin is taken ;
And for the Duke of Bretagne, like a stag
He flies, for the Welsh beagles to hunt down.
God save the Empress !

GLOCESTER. Now our dreaded Queen
What message from her highness ?

2nd CAPTAIN. Royal Maud
From the throng'd towers of Lincoln hath look'd
down,

ESCAPE OF THE PRINCESS MAUDE 43

Like Pallas from the walls of Ilion,
And seen her enemies havock'd at her feet.
She greets most noble Gloucester from her heart,
Entreating him, his captains, and brave knights,
To grace a banquet. The high city gates
Are envious which shall see your triumph pass;
The streets are full of music.

ESCAPE OF THE PRINCESS MAUDE

BY MENELLA SMEDLEY

Lo, Oxford Castle frowned,
'Neath silken banners streaming,
With rebel spears around
Beneath the snowdrifts gleaming,
The haughty Empress weeps within
Tears from a heart that scorns to stoop,
And the pains of famine now begin
To prey upon her loyal troop.

Out spake a maiden then :
" Counsel my lady needeth ;
When fails the wit of men,
Oft woman's wit succeedeth.
At Wallingford Earl Robert bides
To guard thy son, thine England's heir—
Can we not cross the frozen tides
To seek for aid and safety there ?
* * * *

" Farewell, ye noble hearts !
God take you to His keeping !
Behold, your Queen departs
From friends so loyal, weeping."
Matilda donned a milk-white vest,
And that same damsel, fair and true,
In robes of stainless white was drest,
Like the cold snow's unspotted hue.

With linkèd cords they bound
 The Empress and the maiden.
 O cords, be strong and sound,
 For dearly are ye laden !
 They lighted noiselessly and fair,
 Upon the river's glassy bed,
 The silence of the midnight air
 Received no echo from their tread.

Six weary miles they fled,
 With fear and weakness striving,
 Their cheeks as white with dread
 As the snows against them driving ;
 They paused awhile at Abingdon,
 While steeds were brought of fleetest power ;
 To Wallingford they hurried on,
 And reached it at the dawn's first hour.

KNIGHTHOOD ¹

BY MENELLA SMEDLEY

THE high mass is over, the aspirant kneels
 At the feet of King Henry the wise :
 What strength and what hope in his spirit he feels,
 As the vow of his knighthood he solemnly seals
 With his lips, and his heart, and his eyes !

The monarch he lifted a Damascene blade
 O'er the kneeling Count's brow on high ;
 A blow on his shoulder full gently he laid,
 And by that little action a knight he is made,
 Baptized into chivalry !

"Bear thou this blow," said the king to the knight,
 "But never bear blow again ;
 For thy sword is to keep thine honour white,
 And thine honour must keep thy good sword bright,
 And both must be free from stain.

¹ From *The Knighting of Count Geoffroy of Anjou*.

KNIGHTHOOD

“ I give thee two spurs of gold so bright ;
They are badges of chivalry :
Thou must use them as becomes a knight,
Still to press onwards in the fight,
And never to turn and flee.

“ Rise up a knight ! ” With a joyous spring
Sir Geoffrey leapt on high ;
His sword he clasped like a living thing,
“ For God, my lady, and my king !
Be this my battle cry.”

THE PLANTAGENETS
KING HENRY II, 1154-1188
BALLAD OF FAIR ROSAMOND

BY OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON).

AN easy tale, Lord Clifford's faith beguil'd,
Who lov'd the comely guest, that lov'd his child.
They wed, by night, in secret. A strange friar
Joined them. And when, too late, the stricken sire
Learn'd all : the falsehood consummate that night—
The mockery of the midnight marriage rite—
The true name of his new-trusted guest ;
He lock'd so close the secret in his breast
That his heart broke beneath it. With grey head
Bow'd henceforth by the weight of nothing said,
He to a near grave crept un murmuring,
Loyal in death to the disloyal king.
Meanwhile in Woodstock town, wild rumour told
Of a strange castle from enchantments old,
Raised up by Merlin in the days gone by,
And buried deep in woods from every eye
Save of the sun and silent stars : and there
('Twas said) a lady magically fair
Dwelt folded fast by many a fortress wall,
So held by some wild baron for his thrall.
For oft, at eve, the unwhispering woods among
Some wandering woodman heard a plaintive song
That fell more soft than softest twilight falls
From battlements of blossom-bosomed walls,
O'er woodland, water, glade and hollow glen,

ROBIN HOOD

Breaking the heart of silence : often when
Night gather'd up the ghostly solitudes
And gave them voices from the groaning woods
'Twas said, stray'd wayfarers had been known
To see a furious horseman, towards the town
Bounding o'er bosky places in the moon.

ROBIN HOOD (1160-1247)

BY T. L. PEACOCK.

"BOLD Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
And of two grey friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.—
"Good morrow, good brothers," said bold Robin
Hood,
"And what make you in the good greenwood,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ?
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food ;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."
"Good brother," they said, "we would give you full
fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !"
"Then give me some money," said bold Robin Hood ;
"For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."
"No money have we, good brother," said they ;
"Then," said he, "we three for money will pray :
Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars will piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."
"We will not pray with thee, good brother, we wot :

For truly, good brother, thou pleasest us not,
 Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ! ”
 Then up they both started from Robin to run,
 But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
 All on the fallen leaves so brown.—
 The grey friars prayed with a doleful face,
 But bold Robin played with a right merry grace,
 Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down !
 And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he
 took,
 And from it a hundred good angels he shook,
 All on the fallen leaves so brown.
 “The saints,” said bold Robin, “have hearkened our
 prayer.
 And here’s a good angel apiece for your share—
 If more you would have, you must win ere you wear
 Singing hey down, ho down, down, derry down ! ”
 Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
 And fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
 And away the grey friars they bounded like deer,
 All on the fallen leaves so brown.”

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE KING AND BECKET

*Time, 1164, just before the Council of Clarendon and
 Becket's flight to France.*

HENRY. Archbishop ! listen now to my firm will ;
 In which for all the love and favour kind
 That knit your heart to mine in days gone by,
 I wot that you will not oppose your king.

BECKET. I never can forget, my Lord, what you
 Have been and done to me. Our hearts and minds
 Were one ; you made me rich and gave me power ;
 Ask of me aught that I *may* give, even life,
 And it is freely yours.

HENRY. I ask not life !
Your clergy claim a freedom from the law.
From all sides tidings come of horrid crimes
Done by vile clerks ; justice unsheaths her sword
And claims her due—in steps the Church and says,
“ Nay ! Nay ! the man is mine ; I’ll see to it.”
This must no longer be, ’tis quite opposed
To all the ancient customs of this realm.
A power within a power cannot exist.
Soon, here at Clarendon, our States will meet ;
And I shall there present the Articles
Of just and equal law, all old in use.
From you I ask, demand, assent and aid.

BECKET. My Liege ! You know that I wished
not this post
To which you forced me up. I said you’d hate me
soon
As much as then you loved. The sacred rights
Of our most holy Church I cannot yield !
It would be sacrilege. Even my king
I cannot aid against my order’s rights.

HENRY. Thomas ! beware ! You know not
what you do.
I love the Church with filial love ; through it
The blessed gift of our salvation comes.
Demand of mine is not against her rights.
You were an upright law-respecting man ;
How can you guard the miscreant, ruffian crew,
Who under this new power claimed by your courts
Are sheltered from th’ avenging outraged sword
Of justice stern ? ’Tis shame upon our realm.
Nowhere will law be rev’renced and obeyed,
While in our midst your clerks can laugh with scorn
At its most holy rules.

BECKET. My Lord, ’tis true
That evil men have ranked themselves with us.
’Tis but th’ abuse of a most precious right—
What gift that God has given is not abused !

You, noble Sire, use well the kingly power,
 You rule with justice and desire but right,
 But, Sire, kings there have been before your reign
 Who used their office 'gainst all that was good ;
Then, in our courts the pious and the learned
 Their refuge found from ruthless tyrant's sway.
 When you're at rest in Heaven's blessed sleep,
 What guardian will remain against misrule ?

HENRY. The law ! which I shall leave so just and strong,

That neither prince nor priest will dare it break.
 There's more to say ! You prelates of the Church
 Claim new, unheard of, strange immunities :
Before, you gladly ranked with our great lords ;
 But *now*, you separate yourselves from them,
 And, " Privilege " your cry, refuse to bear
 The burdens of the state. This too, must cease.
 The great Archbishops who preceded you
 Submission meet have made to weaker kings.
 Do you the same by me ; the Church will have
 No better son, nor you a truer friend.

BECKET. My Lord, it cannot be.

HENRY. Then list, O Priest.

I raised you up, and I will cast you down ;
 I made you rich, and I will leave you poor,
 I'll forfeit all the goods of all your kin,
 And drive them with you and your helpers all
 From forth the realm.

BECKET. Proud king, I serve a power
 Greater than thou. *You* o'er the body hold
 A mighty rule, *it* o'er the soul doth reign ;
 You raised *me* up, but it called *you* from France
 And made you sovereign here. Your threat I cast
 You back ; and say " Beware, lest that same Church
 That made you mighty king undo its work,
 And leave you ruined now, hopeless hereafter.'

HENRY. No more, ungrateful man ! Meet me
 forthwith

At Clarendon; and there before your peers
Repeat this threat if thou hast hardihood.
If you submission make, I'll all forgive;
If not, then dread the worst for you and yours.

THE MURDER OF BECKET, A.D. 1170

BY PATRICK SCOTT.

[*Enter à Becket, John of Salisbury, Grim, Monks, etc.*
in confusion.]

BECKET. Gently! What means this tumult?
Deem ye this

The palace of a Prince? We are *his* servants
Whose mind, as seen in Nature and her works,
Is ever solemn, as it's ever sure!

[*Increasing noise of battering heard. A' Becket*
ascends the steps of the altar.]

GRIM. Oh! is there yet hope, John of Salisbury?
What will persuade him?

JOHN. None, my friend; and nothing!
Scarce would I do it, an' I could. Behold
How like a god the glorious victim stands!
The bright yet calm intelligence within
Shines through the thin skin on the outward face.
Look on that high divinity of brow,
Up which the thought that sways a world hath
climbed

As to its topmost temple! Meeting there,
In wavy angle, two full feeling veins,
Distended to their limits, give alone
Their mortal indication—only one,
One sacrifice like that!

BECKET. Ho! quickly there,
Unclose the gates. What! think ye Heaven hath
need
Of bars and bolts, when will'd, to fortify

Its sentence of exclusion ?

[Looking round and speaking low.

But one instant—

And what an instant ! O thou glorious throne
Of the incarnate Majesty of Love,
For thee, and the mysterious sanctities
Of which thou art the image and the shrine,
A little while I've borne with life—for these
I now would lay it down ! for unto me,
Childless and motherless, thou hast been all things—
Thou, and thy worship, and thy faith ! Farewell !
May worthier—Nay, 'tis time ! Come back, my
eyes !

'Tis the last look that I shall give to thee,
My beautiful temple !

(Aloud). Now, what fear ye, friends ?

Is your profession one which suns itself
In the full blaze of unresisted day,
But shrinks and shivers when the comfortless clouds
Assault the horizon ? Do ye preach the Church
Ruling the world, and with false hearts crouch down
Unto God's vilest creatures, men who use
The forceful means which Nature gave to brutes ?
On with the service !

*[William de Tracy, and the three other knights, in
complete armour, burst in.]*

TRACY. Where's the traitor Becket ?

[None speak.

What ! are ye silent, cowards ? Monks ! I say,
Where's the Archbishop Becket ?

BECKET *(descending)*.

Here am I !

TRIAL BY JURY INSTITUTED, 1166

The law which I shall leave so just and strong,
That neither prince nor priest will dare it break.

THE FUNERAL OF HENRY OF ANJOU

THROUGH the wide aisle of Fontevraud,
Peals music grave and calm :
The Requiem's solemn notes and slow,
The chant of funeral Psalm.

Great Henry, o'er thine open tomb
Strange recollections throng :
The hasty word of Becket's doom,
The trampled country's wrong.

And yet, while in this mortal life,
Thy sins their scourges brought ;
Unloving and unloved, thy wife
Revenge and misery wrought.

The eaglets tore their father's breast :
Two unforgiven died ;
And lo ! the last has left the nest,
'To take the foeman's side.

What reck'st thou that thy mother's throne
Be from th' usurper gained ?
Wild Leinster's kingdom is thine own,
And Scotland's Lion chained.

One prayer of faith, one deed of love,
One penitential tear,
Are, in the awful Books above,
Worth all thy lordships here !

But hark ! a swift and mailèd tread
Is clanking up the nave,
Till in the presence of the dead
Slow fall the footsteps grave.

54 CŒUR DE LION AT HIS FATHER'S BIER

'Tis royal Richard—name of fear—
Who late his wrath defied ;
But there is One more mighty here,
Who tames the monarch's pride.

Before his father's bier he stands,
Heaves forth the deep-drawn sigh :
Hiding his face between his hands—
“ 'Twas I that killed him, I ! ”

CŒUR DE LION
AT HIS FATHER'S BIER, 1189

BY FELICIA HEMANS

TORCHES were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier,
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as Noon's broad light, was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there :
As if each deeply furrowed trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept
Sang mass for the 'parted soul :

CŒUR DE LION AT HIS FATHER'S BIER 55

And solemn were the strains they poured
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread ;
And the holy chant was hushed awhile,
As by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,
An eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook
When he stood beside the bier !
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast,—
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppressed !
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain—
Men hold their breath in awe.
For his face was seen by his warrior-train,
And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,
And sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, ev'n like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stopped—and kissed the frozen cheek,
And the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak
Gave his soul's passion way.

" Oh, father ! is it vain,
 This late remorse and deep ?
 Speak to me, father ! once again,
 I weep—behold, I weep !
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !
 Were but this work undone,
 I would give England's crown, my sire,
 To hear thee bless thy son.

" Speak to me ! mighty grief
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !
 Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief,
 My king ! I *must* be heard !—
 Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call,
 And that thou answerest not ?
 When was it thus ?—woe, woe for all
 The love my soul forgot !

" Thy silver hairs I see,
 So still, so sadly bright !
 And, father, father, but for me,
 They had not been so white !
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,
 No longer couldst thou strive :—
 Oh ! for one moment of the past,
 To kneel and say—" forgive ! "

" Thou wert the noblest king
 On royal throne e'er seen ;
 And thou didst wear, in knightly ring,
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;
 And thou didst prove, where spears are proved
 In war, the bravest heart—
 Oh ! ever the renowned and loved
 Thou wert—and *there* thou art !

" Thou that my boyhood's
 Didst take fond joy to be !—
 The times I've sported at thy side,
 And climbed thy parent knee !

And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire ! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die ! ”

KING RICHARD I, 1189–1199
LAMENT OF RICHARD DURING HIS
IMPRISONMENT

BY W. E. AYTOUN

TRANSLATED FROM THE PROVENÇAL

If one in prison may not tell his wrong
Without derision or the chance of blame,
For his own comfort let him speak in song.
Friends have I store, and yet they leave me long !
If ransom comes not, let them look for shame.
Two years—and still not free !

For well they know, my barons and my men,
Of England, Normandy, Poitou, Guienne,
That not the poorest should in chains be set
If all my wealth could buy him back again.
I will not call them false or treacherous—yet
Two years—and still not free !

The captive hath nor friends nor kindred left,
For gold is dearer than the dearest tie.
Alas ! I feel myself of all bereft ;
And if within this cell I chance to die,
Shame be to them who let their monarch lie
So long, nor set him free.

'Tis little wonder if I grieve and pine,
When he, my Lord, invades these lands of mine ;
But if he thought upon the sacrament

We took together at the sacred shrine
I would not be this day in prison pent,
But ranging wide and free.

O ye of Anjou and of stout Touraine !
Brave bachelors and knights of warlike deed,
Did you but know the place where I remain,
Would ye not aid your sovereign in his need ?
Would ye not rescue him ?—Alas, in vain !
Ye cannot set me free !

And you, companions, whom I loved so well
Of Pensavin and Chail, oh speak for me !
And let your songs thus much of Richard tell,
That, though a prisoner in a foreign cell ;
False was he never yet, and shall not be,
Whether in chains or free.

CROSS AND CRESCENT

BY THEODORE TILTON.

“ Down with the Infidel abhorred !
Up with the banner of the Lord ! ”
So the Crusaders sang,
As into Palestine they poured.—
While, with defiant clash and clang,
Their swords and bucklers rang.

“ Death to the Christian dogs ! ” replied
The scornful Moslems, in their pride ;
“ Let Allah’s host advance ! ”
Then, in the sunshine,—far and wide,—
Like summer lightning was the glance
Of scimitar and lance.

Fair Heaven on both their armies smiled,
And wished the foemen reconciled ;
But, in their pious :

THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD

Each by the other was reviled,—
Till now, in wrath, from age to age,
Eternal war they wage.

How can the sacred discord end ?
How can the Cross and Crescent blend ?
How can the trumpet cease
That calls their pennons to contend ?
O Crescent, wane ! O Cross, increase !
From Truth alone comes Peace !

The whole Creation groans with pain
Till He whose right it is shall reign !
When shall His reign begin ?
When shall the chariots quit the plain ?
O Cross, above the battle's din,
Thy peaceful triumph win !

A little child, with shepherd's crook,
Through pastures green, by water-brook,
Shall Lamb and Lion lead :
So saith thy promise, Holy Book !
Then, since the word is fair to read,
Fulfil it with the deed !

THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD, 1194

OLD BALLAD.

on the iron grating
Where the gentle moonbeams fall,
Stands a watchful minstrel waiting
Near the castle's prison wall.
Strikes the chords with soft emotion,
Voice and lute in skill combined,
Thus the hope of his devotion,
" Seek in faith, and thou wilt find."

“Royal Richard, lion-hearted
Rests the sword beneath the wave ?
Or on earth has life departed
And thou moulder’st in the grave ?
Far and wide in each direction
Does thy minstrel ceaseless wind,
Prompted by the sweet reflection,
“Seek in faith, and thou wilt find !”

Hope bring Richard, trusting gaily,
Trustfulness has guided me !
From thy distant lieges daily
Pray’rs of love arise for thee !
Blondel follows persevering :
Margot beckons ill-resigned,
One glad thought my labour cheering,
“Seek in faith, and thou wilt find.”

Hark ! what tender strains are flowing
From the dungeon lone and drear ;
Welcome well-known music, throwing
Joy on Blondel’s listening ear.
Like a friend’s confiding message,
Back his own song seems designed,
And he hails the truthful presage :
“Seek in faith, and thou shalt find.”

What he sang he sings repeating,
Lo, the sounds return anew,
With melodious echo greeting ;
No illusion signal true,
One he’d sought each anxious morning ;
Yes, his king is there confined.
Not in vain the constant warning
“Seek in faith, and thou wilt find.”

Home he fares, the land in rapture
Hails the tidings he conveys ;
He regains the place of capture

For the hero ransom pays.
Midst his courtiers' acclamation
In his arms they bring entwined
Him who caught the inspiration
"Seek in faith, and thou shalt find."

HOW ROBIN HOOD RESCUED THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

OLD BALLAD

THERE are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham
town
To-day condemned to die."

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin,
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow-deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine ?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news ? what news, thou silly old man ?
What news, I do thee pray ?"
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine ;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn ;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel for mine ;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat ;
It stood full high on the crown :
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blue, and red ;
He thought it no shame all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from leg to side :
" By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
" This man loved little pride."

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist :
" By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
" I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon ;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
" It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

" O Christ you save, O sheriff ! " he said ;
" O Christ you save and see ;
And what will you give to a silly old man,
To-day will your hangman be ? "

" Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
" Some suits I'll give to thee ;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone :
" By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
" That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

" I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade ;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
" That first a hangman was made !

“ I’ve a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn ;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

“ I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.”

“ O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt.¹
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out.”

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill ;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood’s men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood’s men
Came shining over the plain.

“ O, who are these,” the sheriff he said,
“ Come tripping over the lee ? ”
“ They’re my attendants,” brave Robin did say ;
“ They’ll pay a visit to thee.”

They took the gallows from the slack,²
They set it in the glen.
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

² Hill-side.

DEATH OF CŒUR DE LION, 1199

BY JOSEPH ANSTICE.

GREAT in the battle's strife, the dungeon's gloom,
What arm of terror forced thee to the tomb ?
When awed to silence by the wondrous tale,
E'en at thy name Arabia's son grew pale :
Or if his fiery steed, with startled tread,
Shrunk from the thicket's pathless side in dread,
He feared lest, seen amid the twilight shade,
Thy form had crossed him in the tangled glade.
What giant warrior dared to stem thy course,
Unscared by treach'ry and untamed by force ?
One humble arm, one silent shaft could bring
Fate's awful summons on its noiseless wing.
Yet, though the clarion spoke not, though the sound
Of festal triumph scarce was heard around,
In that dark hour a purer bliss was given,
And peaceful seraphs hymned their joy in heaven,
When on thy lips their own compassion hung,
* And mercy trembled on thy faltering tongue ;
In thy last breath, forgiveness' voice was heard
And life's best conquest crowned thy latest word.

KING JOHN, 1199-1216

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF
" KING JOHN "

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

The Instigation of Hubert.

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,
We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUB. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet ;

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go :
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes ;)
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
But ah, I will not :—Yet I love thee well ;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lovest me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By Heaven, I'd do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I will keep him so .
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUB. My Lord ?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUB. He shall not live.

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Scene between Hubert and Arthur.

HUB. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou,
stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1 ATTEND. I hope your warrant will bear out
the deed

HUB. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look
to't.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Good morrow, Hubert.

KING JOHN

HUB. Good morrow, little prince.

ARTH. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

HUB. Indeed I have been merrier.

ARTH. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I ;
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me ;
He is afraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?
No, indeed it's not ; and I would to Heaven
I were your son so you would love me, Hubert.

HUB. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

(Aside.)

ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to
day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick :
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUB. His words do take possession of my
bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. *(Showing a paper.)* How
now, foolish rheum !

(Aside.)

Turning spiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
(Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears——
Can you read it ? is it not fair writ ?

ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

HUB. Young boy, I must.

ARTH. And will you ?

HUB. And I will.

ARTH. Have you the heart ? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
Or, what good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service, had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning : Do, an if you will,
If Heaven be pleased, that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you ?

HUB. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTH. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust.
But for containing fire to harm mine eye,
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him ; no tongue but
Hubert's.

HUB. Come forth.

(*Stamps.*)

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

ARTH. O save, me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-
rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUB. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

I ATTEN. I am best pleased to be from such a
deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

ARTH. Alas ! I then have chid away my friend ;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUB. Come, boy prepare, yourself.

ARTH. Is there no remedy ?

HUB. None but to lose your eyes.

ARTH. O Heaven !—that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUB. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your
tongue.

ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes ;

Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes :
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.

ARTH. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : See else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTH. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master, that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office : only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

HUB. Well see to live ; I will not touch thine
eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
Yet, I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this
while
You were disguised.

HUB. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

ARTH. O Heaven !—I thank you Hubert.

HUB. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

Death of Arthur.

ARTH. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap
down ;

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not ! —
There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

(*Leaps down.*)

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones : —
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !
(*Dies.*)

AN INTERDICT, 1214

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

REALMS quake by turns : proud arbitress of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place,
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace
All sacred things are covered : cheerful morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb :
Ditches are graves—funeral rites denied ;
And in the churchyard he must take his bride
Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart ill-fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA (1215)

BY ERNEST PERTWEE.

GREEN meadow by the Thames,—fair Runnymede ;
 Where tyranny received its fateful blow,
 Thy name shall live while centuries come and go,—
 Crowned with the flowers that blossom from thy
 seed.

In vain thy wrath, oh king ! All impotent,
 Thy frenzied rage doth sink in terror now ;
 The sign of fear is on thy pallid brow,
 Wild, haggard eyes are on the Charter bent.

The pen is thrust within that shaking hand ;
 And now his name doth ratify the scroll,
 The which doth give while ages onward roll,
 The boon of Liberty to bless our land !

KING HENRY III (1216–1272)

A BALLAD OF EVESHAM

August 4, 1265

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

EARL SIMON on the Abbey tower
 In summer sunshine stood,
 While helm and lance o'er Greenhill heights
 Come glinting through the wood.
 " My son ! " he cried. " I know his flag
 Amongst a thousand glancing " :—
 Fond father ! no !—'tis Edward stern
 In royal strength advancing.

The Prince fell on him like a hawk
At Al'ster yester-eve,
And flaunts his captured banner now
And flaunts but to deceive :—
—Look round ! for Mortimer is by,
And guards the rearward river :—
The hour that parted sire and son
Has parted them for ever !

“ Young Simon's dead,” he thinks, and look'd
Upon his living son :
“ Now God have mercy on our souls,
Our bodies are undone !
But, Hugh and Henry, ye can fly
Before their bowmen smite us :—
They come on well ! But 'tis from me
They learn'd the skill to fight us.”

—“ For England's cause, and England's laws,
With you we fight and fall.”
—“ Together, then, and die like men,
And Heaven will hold us all ! ”
—Then face to face, and limb to limb,
And sword with sword inwoven,
That stubborn courage of the race
On Evesham field was proven.

O happy hills ! O summer sky
Above the valley bent !
Your peacefulness rebukes the rage
Of blood on blood intent !
No thought was then for death or life
Through that long dreadful hour,
While Simon 'mid his faithful few
Stood like an iron tower,

 ; which the winds and waves are hurl'd
In vain, unmoved, foursquare ;
And round him storm'd the raging swords

Of Edward and De Clare :
And round him in the narrow combe
His white-cross comrades rally,
While ghastly gashings cloud the beck
And crimson all the valley,

And triple sword-thrusts meet his sword,
And thrice the charge he foils,
Though now in threefold flood the foe
Round those devoted boils :
And still the light of England's cause
And England's love was o'er him,
Until he saw his gallant boy
Go down in blood before him :—

He hove his huge two-handed blade,
He cried “ ’Tis time to die ! ”
And smote about him like a flail,
And clear'd a space to lie :—
“ Thank God ! ” he said ; nor long could life
From loved and lost divide him :—
And night fell o'er De Montfort dead,
And England wept beside him.

KING EDWARD I (1272–1307)

THE BARD (1276)

BY THOMAS GRAY

“ RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! ”
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
“ To arms ! ” cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv-
ring lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air ;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
“ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

THE DIRGE OF LLYWELYN (1282)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

LLANYNIS on Irvon, thine oaks in the drear
 Red eve of December are wind-swept and sere,
 Where a king by the stream in his agony lies,
 And the life of a land ebbs away as he dies.

O strange the great sceptre from Caradoc kept
 Should pass like the ripple, unhonour'd, unwept !
 Unknowing the lance, and the victim unknown,
 Far from Aberfraw's halls and Craig Eryi lone !

O dark day of winter and Cambria's shame,
 To the treason of Builth when from Gwynedd he
 came,
 And Walwyn and Frankton and Mortimer fell
 Closed round unawares by the ford in the dell !

—As who, where the shadow beneath him is thrown,
 By some well in Saharan high noontide alone
 Sits under the palm-tree, nor hears the low breath
 Of the russet-maned foe panting hot for his death ;

So Llywelyn,—unarm'd, unaware :—Is it she,
 Bright star of his morning, when Gwynedd was free,
 Fair bride, the long sought, taken early, goes by ?
 In the heart of the breeze the lost Eleanor's sigh ?

Or the one little daughter's sweet face with a gleam
Of glamour looks out, as the dream in a dream ?
Or for childhood's first sunshine and calm does he
yearn,

As the days of Maesmynan in memory return ?

Or,—dear to the heart's-blood as first-love or wife,—
The mountains whose freedom was one with his life,
The grey farms, the green vales of that ancient
domain,

The thousand-years' kingdom, he dreams of again ?

Or is it the rage of stark Edward ; the base,
Unkingly revenge on a kinglier race ;
The wrong idly wrought on the patriot dead ;
The dark castle of doom ; the scorn-diadem'd head ?

—Lo, where Rodri and Owain await thee !—The foe
Slips nearing in silence : one flash—and one blow !
And the ripple that passes wafts down to the Wye
The last prayer of Llywelyn, the nation's last sigh.

But Llanynis yet sees the white rivulet gleam,
And the leaf of December fall sere on the stream ;
While Irvon his dirge whispers on through the combe,
And the purple-topt hills gather round in their
gloom.

GUDE WALLACE (1270-1303)

OLD BALLAD

WALLACE in the hie Highlands,
Neither meat nor drink gat he ;
Said, " Fa' ¹ me life, or fa' me death,
Now to some town I maun be."
He's put on his short cleiding²,
And on his short cleiding put he ;
Says, " Fa' me life, or fa' me death,
To Saint Johnstoun's³ I maun be."

¹ Befall. ² Clothing. ³ The town of Perth.

GUDE WALLACE

He steppit owre the river Tay,
On the North Inch steppit he,
And he was 'ware o' a well-faured maid
Was washing aneath a tree.

"What news, what news, ye well-faured maid,
What news hae ye to me?"

"Nae news, nae news, ye gentle knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Awaiting Wallace for to see."

"If I had but in my pocket,
The worth of one single pennie,
I would go to the hostler-house,
And there the Englishmen wad see."

She put her hand in her pocket,
And she pulled out half-a-crown;
Says, "Tak ye that, ye belted knight,
'Twill pay your way till ye come down."

As he went frae the weel-faured maid,
A beggar bauld I wat met he,
Was covered wi' a clouted ¹ cloak,
And in his hand a trustie tree.

"What news, what news, ye silly auld man,
What news hae ye to gie?"

"Nae news, nae news, ye belted knight,
Nae news hae I to thee;
But there's fifteen lords in the hostler-house
Waiting Wallace for to see."

"Ye'll lend to me your clouted cloak,
That covers you frae head to thie²,
And I'll gang to the hostler-house,
To ask there for some supplie."

¹ 4 Patched.

Thigh.

Now he's gane to the West-muir wood,
And there he pulled a trustie tree,
And then he's on to the hostler-house,
Asking there for charitie.

Down the stair the captain comes,
Aye the puir man for to see ;
" If ye be a captain as gude as ye look,
Ye'll gie a puir man some supplie."

" Whaur were ye born, ye cruiket carle ? ¹
Whaur were ye born, in what countrie ? "
" In fair Scotland I was born,
Cruiket carle as ye ca' me."

" I'd gie you fifty pounds,
Of gold and of the white monie,
I wad gie you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see."

" Tell doun your monie," said Willie Wallace,
" Tell doun your monie, if it be gude ;
For I'm sure I hae it in my power
And I never had a better bode."²

" Tell doun your monie, if it be gude,
And let me see if it be true ;
I'm sure I hae it in my power
To bring the traitor Wallace in."

The monie was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fiftie ;
" Now here I stand," said Willie Wallace,
And his cloak frae him garred ³ flee.

He felled the captain where he stood,
Wi' a downright straik ⁴ upon the floor,

He slew the rest around the room,
 Syne spiered ¹ gin ² there were ony more.

“Come, cover the table,” said Willie Wallace,
 “Come, cover the table, now mak haste,
 For it will sune be three lang days
 Sin’ I a bit o’ meat did taste.”

The table was not well covered,
 Nor yet had he sat down to dine,
 Till fifteen mair o’ the English lords
 Cam round the house where he was in.

“Come out, come out, thou traitor, Wallace,
 This is the day that ye maun dee” ;
 “I lippen nae sae little to God,” he says,
 “Altho’ I be but little wordie.”

The gudewife she ran butt the flour,
 And aye the gudeman he ran ben ³ :
 From eight o’clock till four at noon,
 Wallace has killed full thirty men.

He put his faes in sic a swither,⁴
 That five o’ them he stickit dead ;
 Five o’ them he drowned in the river,
 And five he hung in the West-muir wood.

Now he is on to the North-Inch gane,
 Where the maid was washin’ tenderlie ;
 “Now, by my sooth,” said Willie Wallace,
 “It’s been a sair day’s wark to me !”

He’s put his hand into his pocket,
 And he has pu’d out twenty poun’ ;
 Says, “Tak ye that, ye well-faured maid,
 For the gude luck o’ your half-croun !”

Then asked. ² If.

Run from the kitchen to the room ‘the butt and
 the ben’ in Scottish parlance.

⁴ In such a condition or difficulty.

THE DEATH OF WALLACE (1303)

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

Joy, joy in London now !
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now !

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now,
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy,
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived ;
What though ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To fell protracted death—

What though the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart,
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He called to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field ;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death !

Go, Edward, triumph now !
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd ;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory, to thy grave !
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul
Go, Edward, to thy God !

KING EDWARD II (1307-1327)

SELECTIONS FROM MARLOWE'S

" EDWARD THE SECOND "

A Street in London. Enter GAVESTON, reading a letter.

GAV. " My father is deceased ! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."
Ah ! words that make me surfeit with delight !
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king !

Enter KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, the ELDER MORTIMER, YOUNG MORTIMER, KENT, WICK, PEMBROKE, and ATTENDANTS.

Lancaster !

LAN. My lord.

GAV. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. Will you not grant me this ? In spite of them
I'll have my will ; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.

[*Aside.*

E. MOR. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAV. That villain Mortimer ! I'll be his death.

[*Aside.*

Y. MOR. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,

Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm :
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

[*Exeunt all except King Edward, Kent,
and Attendants.*

K. EDW. I cannot brook these haughty men-

Am I a king, and must be overruled ?—

Brother, display my ensigns in the field ;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

GAV. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

K. EDW. What, Gaveston ! welcome !—Kiss
not my hand—

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.

Why should'st thou kneel ? know'st thou not who
I am ?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston !

Before Tynemouth Castle.

Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, GAVESTON,
KENT, LANCASTER, YOUNG MORTIMER, WAR-
WICK, PEMBROKE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

K. EDW. My Gaveston !
Welcome to Tynemouth ! welcome to thy friend !
Thy absence made me droop and pine away
For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower,
Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
So did it fare with me : and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

GAV. Sweet lord and king, your speech pre-
venteth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy :
The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. EDW. Will none of you salute my Gaveston ?

LAN. Salute him ? yes ; welcome, Lord Cham-
berlain !

Y. MOR. Welcome is the good Earl of Corn-
wall !

WAR. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of
Man !

PEM. Welcome, Master Secretary !

KENT. Brother, do you hear them ?

K. EDW. Still will these earls and barons use
me thus.

GAV. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Q. ISAB. Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to
jar. *[Aside.*

* * * *

K. EDW. Poor Gaveston, that has no friend
but me,

Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,
 And, so I walk with him about the walls,
 What care I though the earls begirt us round?—
 Here cometh she that's cause of all these jars.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA with KING EDWARD'S
 NIECE, TWO LADIES, GAVESTON, BALDOCK
 and YOUNG SPENCER.*

Q. ISAB. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up
 in arms.

K. EDW. Ay, and 'tis lik'wise thought you
 favour 'em.

Q. ISAB. Thus do you still suspect me without
 cause?

NIECE. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the
 queen.

GAV. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her
 fair.

K. EDW. Cousin, this day shall be your mar-
 riage-feast.

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
 To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
 Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceased.

GAV. I know, my Lord, many will stomach me,
 But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. EDW. The headstrong barons shall not limit
 me;

He that I list to favour shall be great.
 Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
 Have at the rebels, and their complices!

* * * *

The Battlfield, Boroughbridge.

*Enter KING EDWARD and his FOLLOWERS, with
 the BARONS and KENT, captives.*

K. EDW. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance
 of war,
 But justice of the quarrel and the cause,

Vailed is your pride ; methinks you hang the heads,

But we'll advance them, traitors ; now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels ! recreants ! you made him away.

KENT. Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,

Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

K. EDW. So, sir, you have spoke ; away, avoid
our presence ! *[Exit Kent.]*

Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of arms ?
For which thy head shall overlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.

WAR. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces ;

It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.

LAN. The worst is death, and better die to live
Than live in infamy under such a king.

K. EDW. Away with them, my lord of Winchester !

These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly—off with both their heads !
Away !

WAR. Farewell, vain world.

LAN. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Y. MOR. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed !

K. EDW. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to
the Tower,

There see him safe bestowed ; and for the rest,

Do speedy execution on them all.

Begone!

Y. MOR. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls

Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?

No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;

Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[The captive Barons are led off.]

K. EDW. Sound drums and trumpets! March
with me, my friends,
Edward this day hath crowned him king anew.

Near Bristol.

Enter KING EDWARD, BALDOCK, and YOUNG
SPENCER.

Y. SPEN. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-
strong;

Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.

Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

K. EDW. What! was I born to fly and run
away,

And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?

Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troops:

And in this bed of honour die with fame.

BALD. O no, my lord, this princely resolution
not the time; away! we are pursued *[Exeunt.]*

* * * *

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, YOUNG
MORTIMER, and SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Q. ISAB. Successful battle gives the God of
kings

To them that fight in right and fear his

Since then successfully we have prevailed,

Thankèd be heaven's great architect, and you.

Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,

We here create our well-belovèd son,

Of love and care unto his royal person,

Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fat

Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kenilworth Castle.

Enter KING EDWARD, LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF
WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.

LEICES. Be patient, good my lord, cease to
lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

K. EDW. Leicester, if gentle words might com-
fort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows ;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings.

* * * *

Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;
[*Taking off the crown.*]
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.

* * * *

Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronized in heaven !
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I live, let me forget myself.

Berkeley Castle.

K. EDW. Who's there ? what light is that ?
wherefore com'st thou ?

LIGHTBORN. To comfort you, and bring you
joyful news.

K. EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in
thy looks.

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord !

LIGHT. You're overwatched, my lord ; lie down and rest.

K. EDW. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eyes' lids closed. Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord.

K. EDW. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay.

[*Sleeps.*]

LIGHT. He sleeps.

K. EDW. [*waking*]. O let me not die yet : stay, O stay a while !

LIGHT. How now, my lord ?

K. EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears, And tells me if I sleep I never wake ; This fear is that which makes me tremble thus ; And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come !

Enter MATREVIS and

K. EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist : Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul !

BRUCE TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCK- BURN

BY ROBERT BURNS

Scots ! wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour !
See the front of battle lower !
See, approach proud Edward's power—
Edward !—chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor-knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be—a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or Freeman fa' ?
Caledonian !—on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward !—let us do or die !

KING EDWARD III (1327-1377)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF EDWARD III

to both SHAKESPEARE and MARLOWE.

London. A Room of State in the Palace.

LORRRAINE. The most renowned prince, King
John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward : and by me commands,
That, for so much as by his liberal gift

The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
 Thou do him lowly homage for the same :
 And, for that purpose, here I summon thee
 Repair to France within these forty days,
 That there, according as the custom is,
 Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to our king ;
 Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
 And he himself will repossess the place.

Picardy. Fields near Cressy.

K. ED. Welcome, fair prince ! How hast thou
 sped, my son,
 Since thy arrival on the coast of France ?

PR. ED. Successfully, I thank the gracious
 heavens :

Some of their strongest cities we have won,
 As Harfleur, Lo, Crotaye, and Carentine,
 And others wasted ; leaving at our heels
 A wide apparent field and beaten path
 For solitariness to progress in :
 Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd ;
 But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
 Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

K. ED. Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus
 obstinate
 Against the kind embracement of thy friends ?
 How gently had we thought to touch thy breast
 And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
 But that in froward and disdainful pride
 Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
 Dost start aside and strike us with thy heels ?—
 But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
 Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France ?

PR. ED. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours
 ago,
 With a full hundred thousand fighting men
 Upon the one side of the river's bank,
 I on the other ; with his multitudes

I fear'd he would have have cropp'd our smaller
power :

But, happily, perceiving your approach
He hath withdrawn himself to Cressy plains ;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

K. Ep. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we
crave.

K. Ed. We presently will meet thee, John of
France :—

And, English lords, let us resolve to-day
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime
Or be entombed in our innocence.—

And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of Martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms :
Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

*Flourish. Enter four HERALDS bringing a coat-
armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield : first
Herald delivers the armour to King Edward, who
puts it on his Son.*

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impale thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude
That never base affections enter there ;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st !—
Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

Poitou. *The English Camp.*

*Flourish. Enter PRINCE EDWARD, in triumph, leading
prisoners, KING JOHN and his son CHARLES.*

PR. ED. Now, John in France, and lately John of France,
 Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours ;
 And you, high-vaunting Charles of Normandy,
 That once to-day sent me a horse to fly,
 Are now the subjects of my clemency.
 Fie, lords ! is't not a shame that English boys,
 Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
 Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
 One against twenty, beat you up together ?

K. JOHN. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

PR. ED. An argument that Heaven aids the right.

Picardy. The English Camp before

K. ED. No more, Queen Philip, pacify yourself ;
 Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
 Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
 And now unto this proud resisting town :
 Soldiers, assault ; I will no longer stay,
 To be deluded by their false delays ;
 Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the town, six
CITIZENS, in their shirts, and barefoot, with
halters about their necks.

CIT. Mercy, King Edward ! mercy, gracious lord !

K. ED. Contemptuous villains ! call ye now for truce ?

Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries :—
 Sound, drums ; [*Alarum*] draw, threat'ning swords !

1 CIT. Ah, noble prince, take pity on this town,
 And hear us, mighty king !

We claim the promise that your highness made ;
 The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
 And we are come with willingness to bear

What torturing death or punishment you please.
So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

K. ED. My promise ? well, I do confess as much :
But I require the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit.
You peradventure are but servile grooms
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us :
No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.

2 CRR. The sun, dread lord, that in the western
fall

Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known ;
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

K. ED. If it be so, then let our covenant stand.
We take possession of the town in peace :
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse ;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel :
This is your doom ;—go, soldiers, see it done.

QUEEN. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding
men !

It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace ;
And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men.
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king ;
For what the sword cuts down or fire hath spoil'd
Is held in reputation none of ours.

K. ED. Although experience teach us this is true
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controll'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known that we
As well can master our affections
As conquer other by the dint of sword,

Philip, prevail : we yield to thy request ;
 These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
 And, tryanny, strike terror to thyself.

Ctr. Long live your highness ! happy be your reign !

K. Ed. Go, get you hence, return unto the town ;
 And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
 Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.

THE BLACK DEATH (1348-1349)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

: and ever more blue
 The sky of that summer's spring :
 No cloud from dawning to night :
 The lidless eyeball of light
 Glared : nor could e'en in darkness the dew
 Her pearls on the meadow-grass string.
 As a face of a hundred years,
 Mummied and scarr'd, for the heart
 Is long dry at the fountain of tears,
 Green earth lay brown-faced and torn
 Scarr'd and hard and forlorn.
 And as that foul monster of Lerna
 Whom Héracles slew in his might,
 But this one slaying, not slain,
 From the marshes, poisonous, white,
 Crawl'd out a plague-mist and sheeted the plain,
 A hydra of hell and night.
 —Whence upon men has that horror past ?
 From Cathaya westward it stole to Byzance,—
 The City of Flowers,—the cities of France ;—
 O'er the salt-sea ramparts of England, last,
 Reeking and rank, a serpent's breath :—
 What is this, men cry in their fear, what is this that
 cometh ?
 'Tis the Black Death they whisper :
 The black Death !

The heart of man at the name
To a ball of ice shrinks in,
With hope, surrendering life :—
The husband looks on the wife,
Reading the tokens of doom in the frame,
The pest-boil hid in the skin,
And flees and leaves her to die.
Fear-sick the mother beholds
In her child's pure crystalline eye
A dull shining, a sign of despair.
Lo, the heavens are poison, not air ;
And they fall as when lambs in the pasture
With a moan that is hardly a moan,
Drop, whole flocks, where they stand ;
And the mother lays her, alone,
Slain by the touch of her nursing hand,
Where the household before her is strown.
—Earth, Earth, open and cover thy dead !
For they are smitten and fall who bear
The corpse to the grave with a prayerless prayer,
While thousands are crush'd in the common
bed :—
—Is it Hell that breathes with an adder's
breath ?
Is it the day of doom, men cry, the Judge that
cometh ?
—'Tis the Black Death, God help us !
The black black Death.

Maid Alice and maid Margaret
In the fields have built them a bower
Of reedmace and rushes fine,
Fenced with sharp albespyne ;
Pretty maids hid in the nest ; and yet
Yours is one death and one hour !
Priest and peasant and lord
By the swift, soft stroke of the air,
By a silent invisible sword,

In plough-field or banquet, fall :
 The watchers are flat on the wall : —
 Through city, and village and valley
 The sweet-voiced herald of prayer
 Is dumb in the towers : the throng
 To the shrine pace barefoot : and where
 Blazed out from the choir a glory of song,
 God's altar is lightless and bare.
 Is there no pity in earth or sky ?
 The burden of England, who shall say ?
 Half the giant oak is riven away,
 And the green leaves yearn for the leaves that
 die.
 Will the whole world drink of the dragon's
 breath ?
 It is the cup, men cry, the cup of God's fury that
 cometh !
 'Tis the Black Death, God help us ;
 The black black death.

In England is heard a moan,
 A bitter lament and a sore,
 Rachel lamenting her dead
 And will not be comforted
 For the little faces for ever gone,
 The feet from the silent floor.
 And a cry goes up from the land,
 Take from us in mercy, O God,
 Take from us the weight of thy hand,
 The cup and the wormwood of woe !
 'Neath the terrible barbs of thy bow
 This England, this once thy beloved
 Is water'd with life-blood for rain ;
 The bones of her children are white,
 As flints on the Golgotha plain ;
 Not slain as warriors by warriors in fight,
 By the arrows of Heaven slain.
 We have sinn'd : we lift up our souls to thee,

O Lord God eternal on high :
 Thou who gavest thyself to die,
 Saviour, save ! to thy feet we flee :—
 Snatch from the hell and the Enemy's breath,
 From the Prince of the Air, from the terror by night
 that cometh :—
 From the Black Death, Christ save us !
 The black black Death !

BLACK PRINCE (1330-1376)

BY MENELLA SMEDLEY

 Tell you all tale of a knight, my boy,
 The bravest that ever was known ;
 A lion he was in the fight, my boy,
 A lamb when the battle was done.
 Oh, he need not be named ! for who has not heard
 Of the glorious son of King Edward the Third ?

Often he charged with spear and lance,
 At the head of his valorous knights ;
 But the battle of Poitiers, won in France,
 Was the noblest of all his fights ;
 And every British heart may be
 Glad when it thinks of that victory.

The French were many, the English few,
 But the Black Prince little heeded :
 His knights he knew were brave and true ;
 Their arms were all he needed ;
 He asked not How many might be the foe,
 Where are they ? was all he sought to know.

So he spurred his steed, and he couched his lance,
 And the battle was won and lost ;
 Captive he took King John of France,
 The chief of that mighty host ;

Faint grew the heart of each gallant foe :
 Their leader was taken, their hopes were low.

And did they chain King John of France ?

Was he in dungeon laid ?

Oh, little ye know what a generous foe

Our English Edward made ;

A gentle heart, and an arm of might —

These are the things that make a knight.

He set King John on a lofty steed,

White as the driven snow,

And without all pride he rode beside,

On a palfrey slight and low :

He spoke to the King with a reverent mien,

As though the King had his captor been.

For this was a Christian conqueror,

Generous, and true, and kind ;

Though the grave has now closed o'er his brow,

He has left this rule behind—

That valour should ever wedded be

To mercy, and not to cruelty.

KING RICHARD II (1377-1399)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF KING RICHARD II

BY WILLIAM

ACT I. SCENE 3.

Open space near Coventry.

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms :
 Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
 To swear him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. In God's name, and the king's, say who
 thou art,

And why thou comest, thus knightly clad in arms
Against what man thou comest, and what thy
quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath ;
And so defend thee Heaven, and thy valour !

NOR. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of
Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
'Which, Heaven defend a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford, that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

(He takes his seat.)

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour
preceded by a HERALD.*

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

MAR. What is thy name ? and wherefore comest
thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy
quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven !

BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by Heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, King Richard and to me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven '

MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists :
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

BOLING. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage :
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.

MAR. The appellant in all duty greets your high-

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. RICH. We will descend, and fold him in our
arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood : which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

BOLING. O let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear :
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving Lord (*to Lord Marshal*), I take my leave
of you :—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle :—
Not sick, although I have to do with death :
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet.
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

(*To Gaunt.*)

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head.—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

AUNT. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
 prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. Mine innocency, and St. George to
 thrive !

MAR. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

BOLING. (*Rising.*) Strong as a tower in hope, I
 cry—Amen.

MAR. Go bear this lance (*to an officer*) to
 Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

1 HER. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself.

On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him set forward to the fight.

2. HER. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke
 of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
 Both to defend himself, and to approve
 Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 To God his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
 Courageously, and with a free desire,
 Attending but the signal to begin.

MAR. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, com-
 batants.

(*A charge sounded.*)

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. RICH. Let them lay by their helmets and their
 p
 And both return back to their chairs again :—
 Withdraw with us :—and let the trumpets sound,
 While we return these dukes what we decree,—

(A long flourish)

Draw near, (To the Combatants)
 And list what with our council we have done.
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
 With that dear blood, which it hath fostered ;
 And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
 Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours' swords
 And for we think the eagle-winged pride
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
 With rival hating envy, set you on
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
 Which so roused up with boisterous untuned drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood :—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories ;
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done : This must my
 comfort be,—
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
 doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :
 The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile :—
 The hopeless word of —never to return

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

K. RICH. It boots thee not to be compassionate ;
After our sentence, plainin' comes too late,

NOR. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

(Retiring.)

K. RICH. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands :

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)

To keep the oath that we administer :—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;

Nor never look upon each other's face ;

Nor never write nor reconcile

This lowering temper of your home-bred hate ;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive or complot any ill,

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects or our land.

I swear.

And I, to keep all this.

BOLING. Now, Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from the land :

Confess thy reasons, ere thou fly the realm ;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

NOR. No, Bolingbroke ; if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my hope : — Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A Room in Ely House.

GAUNT *on a couch* ; the DUKE OF YORK, and others,
standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come ? that I may breathe
my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaied youth.
Methinks, I am a prophet now inspired ;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last
For violent fires soon burn out ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He fires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder ;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

*Westminster Hall. Bolingbroke in Council with the
 Lords and Commons.*

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and OFFICERS
 bearing the crown, etc.*

K. RICH. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee ;—
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men : Were they not mine ?
 Did they not sometimes cry, All hail ! to me ?
 So Judas did to Christ : but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one ; I, in twelve thousand
 none.

God save the king !—Will no man say Amen ?
 Am I both priest and clerk ? well then, Amen.
 God save the king ! although I be not he ;
 And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
 To do what service am I sent for hither ?

YORK. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. RICH. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
seize the crown :
Here, on this side, my hand : on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another ;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water :
The bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. RICH. My crown I am ; but still my griefs are
mine :

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs ; still am I king of those.

BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with
your crown.

K. RICH. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done :
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won ;
The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. RICH. Ay, no : —no, ay : for I must nothing
be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself : —
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hand I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths :

All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
 My manors, rents, and revenues, I forego ;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny ;
 God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
 God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved ;
 And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved
 Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
 And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit !
 God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
 And send him many years of sunshine days !—
 What more remains ?

K. RICH. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtain it ?

BOLING. Name it, fair cousin.

K. RICH. Fair cousin ? Why, I am greater than
 a king,
 For when I was a king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects : being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

BOLING. Yet ask.

K. RICH. And shall I have ?

BOLING. You shall.

K. RICH. Then give me leave to go.

BOLING. Whither ?

K. RICH. Whither you will, so I were from your
 sights,

BOLING. Go, some of you, convey him to the
 Tower.

K. RICH. O, good ! Convey ?—Conveyers are
 you all,
 That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD

It fell about the Lammas tide,
 When muirmen win their hay,
 That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade
 Into England to drive a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays licht,
 With them the Gordons gay ;
 But the Jardines would not with him ride,
 And they rue it to this day.

And he has harried the dales o' Tyne,
 And half o' Bambroughshire ;
 And the Otter-dale he burnt it haill,
 And set it a' on fire.

And he march'd up to New Castel,
 And rade it round about :
 " O wha is the lord o' this castel,
 Or wha is the ladie o't ? "

But up spak proud Lord Percy then,
 And O but he spak hie :
 " It's I am the lord o' this castel,
 My wife is the ladie gay."

" If thou are the lord o' this castel,
 Sae weel it pleases me ;
 For ere I cross the Border fells,
 The tane ¹ of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
 Shod with the metal free ;
 And forth to meet the Douglas there,
 He rade richt furiouslie.

¹ ()no.

But O how pale his ladie look'd
 Frae aff the castle wa',
 When down before the Scottish speir
 She saw proud Percy fa' !

" Had we twa been upon the green,
 And never an eye to see,
 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell,¹
 But your sword shall gae wi' me."

" But gae up to the Otterburn,
 And bide there dayis three ;
 And gin I come not ere they end,
 A fause knight ca' ye me ! "

" The Otterburn is a bonnie burn,
 'Tis pleasant there to be ;
 But there is nought at Otterburn
 To feed my men and me.

" The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
 The birds fly wild frae tree to tree ;
 But there is neither bread nor kail ²
 To feed my men and me.

" Yet I will stay at the Otterburn,
 Where you shall welcome be ;
 And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
 A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

" Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
 " By the micht of our Ladye ! "
 " There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
 " My troth I plight to thee ! "

They lichted high on Otterburn,
 Upon the bent sae broun ;
 They lichted high on Otterburn
 And threw their pallions down.

¹ Skin.

² Scotch broth.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

Then up and spake a little boy
 Was near of Douglas' kin :
 "Methinks I see the English host
 Come branking ¹ us upon !

"Nine wargangs beiring braid and wide,
 Seven banners beiring hie ;
 It wad do any living gude,
 To see their colours flee ! "

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leear loud,
 Sae loud I hear ye lee ;
 For Percy had not men yestreen
 To dight ² my men and me.

"But if this be true, my little boy,
 That thou tells unto me,
 The brawest bour in Otterburn
 Shall be thy morning fee.

"But if it be false, my little boy,
 And a lee thou tells to me,
 On the highest tree in Otterburn
 Sune hangit shalt thou be.

"But I hae dream'd a drearic dream,
 Ayont the Isle o' Skye ;
 I saw a deid man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braidsword
 And to the field he ran ;
 But he forgot the helmet strong,
 That should have kept his brain.

¹ Riding gallantly.

² Fight or beat.

When Percy with the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain ;
 They swakkit¹ swords till sair they swat,
 Till the bluid ran doun like rain.

But Percy wi' his gude braidsword,
 That could sae sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 That he fell to the ground.

And then he call'd his little foot-page,
 And said—" Run speedilie,
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomerie.

" My nephew gude ! " the Douglas said,
 " What recks the death o' ane ?
 Last night I dream'd a drearie dream,
 And I ken the day's thy ain !

" My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep !
 Take thou the vanguard of the three ;
 And hide me in the bracken bush
 That grows on yonder lily lea.

" O bury me by the bracken bush,
 Beneath the blumin' brier ;
 Let never living mortal ken
 That a kindly Scot lies there ! "

He lifted up that noble lord,
 With the saut tear in his ee ;
 And he hid him in the bracken bush,
 That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
 The spears in flinders flew ;
 But many a gallant Englishman
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

¹ Crossed.

The Gordons gude, in English bluid,
 They steep'd their hose and shoon ;
 The Lindsays flew like fire about,
 Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
 That either of other was fain ;
 They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,
 And the bluid ran down like rain.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy !" he said,
 "Or else I will lay thee low !"
 "To whom shall I yield," Earl Percy said,
 "Sin' I see that it maun be so ?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
 But yield thee to the bracken bush
 That grows upon yon lily lea !"

"I will not yield to a bracken bush,
 Nor yet will I to a brier ;
 But I would yield to Lord Douglas,
 Or Hugh Montgomery if he were here."

As sune as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his sword-point in the ground :
 Montgomery was a courteous knight,
 And quickly took him by the hand.

The deed was dune at the Otterburn,
 About the breaking o' the day ;
 Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken bush,
 And Percy led captive away.

WHITTINGTON, THRICE LORD MAYOR
OF LONDON. (1398, 1407, 1420)

OLD BALLAD

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his age
Thrice Mayor of London.
But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London than
Came up this simple lad,
Where with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had ;
And in a kitchen placed,
A scullion for to be,
Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spits at the fire ;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire.
Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store ;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this merchant-man
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn

London bells sweetly rung,
“Whittington, back return !”

Evermore sounding so,
“Turn again Whittington :
For thou in time shall grow
Lord-Mayor of London.”
Whereupon back again
Whittington came with speed.
A 'prentice to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

“Still blessed be the bells
(This was his daily song) ;
They my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.
If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind ;
London my love shall see,
And my great bounties find.”

But see his happy chance !
This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.
His master ventured forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandise of worth,
As is in stories shown.

Whittington had no more
But this poor cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave merchant-man,
“Venturing the same,” quoth he,
“I may get store of gold,
And Mayor of London be,
As the bells have me told.”

Whittington's merchandise
Carried was to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand.
The king of that country there,
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remained in fear
Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe ;
But by rats borne away,
Fearing no wand or staff.
Whereupon soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat ;
Which by the king was bought ;
Heaps of gold given for that.

Home again came these men
With their ships loaden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.
Scullion's life he forsook
To be a merchant good,
And soon began to look
How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Sheriff of the city here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher, as did appear.
For to this cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days,
Thrice Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance
Thousands he lent his king
To maintain wars in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

118 THE ROYAL PLANTAGENET GRAVES

And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly,
And would not one penny have ;
This in kind courtesie.
God did thus make him great,
So would he daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To show his charity.

Prisoners poor cherished were,
Widows sweet comfort found ;
Good deeds, both far and near,
Of him do still resound.
Whittington College is
One of his charities ;
Records reporteth this
To lasting memories.

THE ROYAL PLANTAGENET GRAVES AT WINDSOR

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

HENRY, thou of saintly worth,
Thou to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity, and name and grave :
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for thy heavenly birth.
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,

Patiently his crown resigned,
And fixed on heaven his heavenly mind.
Blessing, while he kissed the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.

Passive as that humble spirit
Lies his bold dethroner too ;
A dreadful debt did he inherit,
To his injured lineage due.
Ill-starred prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue.
Mournful was that Edward's name,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim.
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell,
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towton's field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Crecy was to this but sport,
Poitiers but a pageant vain,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament !

HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK.

KING HENRY IV (1399-1413)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF KING
HENRY IV. PARTS I AND II

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT I. SCENE I.

King Henry, Westmoreland, and others.

K. HEN. So shaken as we are, so wan with care
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
Therefore we meet not now :—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our counsel did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight ; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered :
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welchmen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. HEN. It seems, then, that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WEST. This, match'd with other, did, my
gracious lord ;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery.
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. HEN. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,

Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable sport ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

WEST. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. HEN. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and
makest me sin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son :

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved,
 That some night tripping fairy had exchanged
 In cradle-clothes our children, where they lay,
 And call'd mine, Percy—his, Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine,
 But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. HEN. But I have sent for him to answer this :
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords :
 But come yourself with speed to us again :
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.
 Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.*

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp
 Should go so general current through the world.

By Heaven, I cannot flatter : I do defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to the word : approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

HOT. Do so, and 'tis well,—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters came from your father.—

HOT. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord : he's grievous sick.

HOT. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise ;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn : nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed, but on his own.

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off ;

And yet, in faith, 'tis not : his present want

Seems more than we shall find it : Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast ? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?

It were not good : for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope ;

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

DOUG. Faith, and so we should :

Where now remains a sweet reversion :

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WOR. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away.
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause.

HOT. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use,—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If, we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUG. As heart can think : there is not such a
word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

HOT. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul,

VER. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

HOT. No harm : What more ?

VER. And farther, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily.

With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

VER. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind ;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

HOT. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in
March.

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours :—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse,
O, that Glendower were come !

VER. There is more news :
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

MOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto ?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be :

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us make a muster speedily :

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

Another part of the field. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland and others, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

WOR. What I have done, my safety urged me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. HEN. Bear Worcester to the death, and
Vernon too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.]

How goes the field ?

P. HEN. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he
saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest ;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
Thé Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. HEN. With all my heart.

P. HEN. Then brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. HEN. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power,—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed.

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms ;
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day ;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

PART II. ACT IV. SCENE 5.

The King upbraids his son.

PRINCE. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. HEN. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours.
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence ; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd ! Up, vanity !
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness !
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more :
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might ;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom ! sick with civil blows.
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?
O ! thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

PRINCE. O ! pardon me, my liege ; but for my tears

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours !
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart ! if I do feign,
O ! let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it : ' The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold ' :
Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. HEN. O my son !

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love.
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

KING HENRY V (1413-1422)
SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF
KING HENRY V

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT II. CHORUS.

Thus, with imagined wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies : and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing :
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused : behold the threaden sails,
Borne, with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical.
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women ;
Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance :
For who he is, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
back ;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Harfleur.

K. HENRY. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more :
Or close the wall up with our English dead !
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument,
Dishonour not your mothers : now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war !—and you, good yeo-

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,

For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
 Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge.
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !

* * * *

CHORUS.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name,
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice :
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Oh, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his hosts ;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks ;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night ;
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where, (O for pity !) shall we much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

King Henry's Prayer before the Battle of Agincourt.

K. HEN. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
hearts !

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new :
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up

Toward heaven, to pardon blood : and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

The English Camp.

GLOSTER. Where is the king ?

BEDFORD. The king himself is rode to view their
 battle.

WESTMORELAND. Of fighting men they have full
 threescore thousand.

EXETER. There's five to one ; besides, they all
 are fresh.

SALISBURY. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a
 fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
 If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
 My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
 And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu !

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go
 with thee,

EXE. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :
 And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.]

BAD. He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
 Princely in both.

WEST. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
 That do no work to-day !

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so ?
 My cousin Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin :
 If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day,
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day ! Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ;
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

136 HENRY V AND HERMIT OF DREUX

But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not
here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

KING HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

— pass unquestioned through the camp,
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
A blessing as he went :
And so the hermit past along,
And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,
The map before him lay,
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold,
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For he was very old ;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
That thou hast done this land ;
O King, repent in time, for know
The judgment is at hand.

I have past forty years of peace
 Beside the river Blaise,
 But what a weight of woe hast thou
 Laid on my latter days.

I used to see along the stream,
 The white sail sailing down,
 That wafted food in better times
 To yonder peaceful town.

Henry ! I never now behold
 The white sail sailing down ;
 Famine, disease, and death, and thou,
 Destroy that wretched town ;

I used to hear the traveller's voice,
 As here he past along ;
 Or maiden, as she loiter'd home,
 Singing her even song.

I never hear the traveller's voice,
 In fear he hastens by ;
 But I have heard the village maid
 In vain for succour cry.

I used to see the youths row here,
 And watch the dripping oar,
 As pleasantly their viols' tones
 Came softened to the shore.

King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
 I now see floating down !
 Thou bloody man ! repent in time,
 And leave this leaguer'd town.

. I shall go on, King Henry cried,
 And conquer this good land :
 Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
 Has given it to my hand ?

The hermit heard King Henry speak ;
 And angrily look'd down ;
 His face was gentle, and for that
 More solemn was his frown.

What, if no miracle from heaven
 The murderer's arm control,
 Think you for that the weight of blood
 Lies lighter on his soul ?

Thou conquerer King, repent in time,
 Or dread the coming woe ;
 For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
 And soon shalt feel the blow.

King Henry forced a careless smile,
 As the hermit went his way ;
 But Henry soon remembered him,
 Upon his dying day.

KING HENRY VI (1422-1461)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF KING HENRY VI. PART I

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Scene between Reignier and Joan of Arc (La Pucelle).

REIGNIER. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
 wond'rous feats ?

LA PUCELLE. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest
 to beguile me ?—

Where is the Dauphin ?—come, come from behind ;
 I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me :

In private will I talk with thee apart ;

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUCE. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
 daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased

KING HENRY VI

To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity ;
Her aid she promised, and assured success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremediated :
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHARLES. Thou hast astonished me with thy
high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me :
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepared : here is my keen-edged
sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side :
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine church-
yard,
Out of a deal of old iron, I chose forth.

CHARLES. Then come o' God's name, I fear
no woman.

PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
(*They fight.*)

ACT I. SCENE 3. *Hill before the Tower.*

GLOSTER. I am come to survey the Tower this
day :

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ; Gloster it is that calls.

(Servants knock).

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants
in tawny coats.*

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphrey, what
means this ?

GLO. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to
be shut out ?

WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

GLO. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator ;
Thou, that contrivedst to murder our dead lord :
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WIN. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a
foot ;

This be Damascus : be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

GLO. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
back :

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WIN. Do what thou darest ; I beard thee to
thy face.

GLO. What ? am I dared, and bearded to my
face ?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your
beard ; *(Gloster and his men attack the bishop.)*

I mean to tug it, and cuff you soundly :
Under my feet, I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the
Pope !

GLO. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope ! a rope !
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay ?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the
Mayor of London, and Officers.*

MAY. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

GLO. Peace, mayor ; thou know'st little of my wrongs :

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens :
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines ;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm :
And would have armour here out of the Tower.
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. *[Here they skirmish again.]*

MAY. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous
strife,

But to make open proclamation :—

Come, officer ; as loud as e'er thou canst.

OFFL. *All manner of men, assembled here in
arms this day, against God's peace and the
king's, we charge and command you, in his
highness' name to repair to your several dwelling-
places ; and not to wear, handle, or use, any
sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon
pain of death.*

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost, be
sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou
may'st.

WIN. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it ere long. *[Exeunt.]*

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart,—

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year.

ACT I. SCENE 6. *On the Walls.*

PU. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves :
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHAR. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,
ter,

How shall I honour thee for this success ?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens.
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess !—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans :
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIG. Why ring not out the bells throughout the
town ?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENÇON. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy.

When they shall hear how we have played the men.

CHAR. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is
won ;

For which, I shall divide my crown with her ;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's, or Memphis,' ever was :
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn, more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry.
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in ; and let us banquet royally.
After this golden day of victory.

GUY, EARL OF WARWICK (1428-1471)

BY THOMAS CRABBE (*Abridged*)

Hail ! centre county of our land, and know
For matchless worth and valour all thine own—
Warwick ! renown'd for him who best could write,
Shakespeare the Bard, and him so fierce in fight,
Guy, thy brave Earl, who made whole armies fly,
And giants fall—who has not heard of Guy ?

Him sent his Lady, matchless in her charms,
To gain immortal glory by his arms,
Felice the fair, who, as her bard maintain'd,
The prize of beauty over Venus gain'd ;
For she, the goddess, had some trivial blot
That mar'd some beauty, which our nymph had not ;
But this apart, for in a fav'rite theme
Poets and lovers are allow'd to dream—
Still we believe the lady and her knight
Were matchless both : He in the glorious fight,
She in the bower by day, and festive hall by night.

Urged by his love, th' adventurous Guy proceeds
And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds ;
Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
However weak, the certain conquest gains ;

On every side the routed legions fly,
Numbers are nothing in the sight of Guy :
To him the injured made their sufferings known,
And he reliev'd all sorrows, but his own :
Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
Were grieved to find his heart another's right :

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
Fell by his arm, and perish'd for their crimes.
Colbrand, the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,
Fell by the prowess of our champion brave,
And his huge body found an English grave.

But what to Guy were men, or great or small
Or one or many ?—he despatch'd them all ;
A huge dun cow, the dread of all around,
A master-spirit in our hero found :
'Twas desolation all about her den—
Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
At Dunmore Heath the monster he assail'd,
And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevail'd.

Nor fear'd he lions more than lions fear
Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear :
A fiery dragon, whether green or red
The story tells not, by his valour bled ;
What more I know not, but by these 'tis plain
That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

JEANNE D'ARC (1409-1431)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

So many stars in heaven,—
Flowers in the meadow that shine ;
—This little one of Domremy,
What special grace is thine ?
By the fairy beech and the fountain

What but a child with thy brothers ?
Among the maids of the valley
Art more than one among others ?

Chosen darling of Heaven,
Yet at heart wast only a child !
And for thee the wild things of Nature
Set aside their nature wild :—
The brown-eyed fawn of the forest
Came silently glancing upon thee ;
The squirrel slipp'd down from the fir,
And nestled his gentleness on thee.

Angelus bell and *Ave*,
Like voices they follow the maid
As she follows her sheep in the valley
From the dawn to the folding shade :—
For the world that we cannot see
Is the world of her earthly seeing ;
From the air of the hills of God
She draws her breath and her being.

Dances by beech tree and fountain,
They know her no longer :—apart
Sitting with thought and with vision
In the silent shrine of the heart.
And a voice henceforth and for ever
Within, without her, is sighing
“ Pity for France, O pity,
France the beloved, the dying ! ”

And now between church wall and cottage
Who comes in the blinding light,
—Rainbow plumes and armour,
Face as the sun in his height. . . .
“ Angel that pierced the red dragon,
Pity for France, O pity !
Holy one, thou shalt save her,
Vineyard and village and city ! ”

Poor sweet child of Domremy,
 In thine innocence only strong,
 Thou seest not the treason before thee,
 The gibe and the curse of the throng,—
 The furnace pile in the market
 That licks out its flames to take thee ;—
 For He who loves thee in heaven
 On earth will not forsake thee !

Poor sweet maid of Domremy,
 In thine innocence secure,
 Heed not what men say of thee,
 The buffoon and his jest impure !
 Nor care if thy name, young martyr,
 Be the star of thy country's story :—
 Mid the white-robed host of the heavens
 Thou hast more than glory !

KING EDWARD IV. (1461-1483)

MARGARET OF ANJOU

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF RICHARD III

ACT I. SCENE 3. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

LORD RIVERS. Have patience, madam ; there's
 no doubt his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

LORD GREY. In that you brook it ill, it makes
 him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. ELIZABETH. If he were dead, what would
 betide of me ?

GREY. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. ELIZ. The loss of such a lord includes all
 harms.

GREY. The Heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. ELIZ. Ah, he is young: and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. ELIZ. It is determined, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

GLO. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster:

You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!
My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. MAR. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee !

Thy honour, state and seat, is due to me.

GLO. What ? threat you me with telling of the king ?

Tell him, and spare not, look, what I have said

I will avouch, in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. MAR. Out, devil ! I remember them too well.
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

GLO. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends ;

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. MAR. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

GLO. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster :—

And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband
In Margeret's battle at Saint Albans slain ?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. MAR. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

GLO. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself.—Which Jesu pardon !—

Q. MAR. Which God revenge !

GLO. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;
And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up ;
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
this world,

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Rrv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLO. If I should be ?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof !

Q. ELIZ. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. MAR. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.—

(*Advancing.*)

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me :
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects :
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away ?

GLO. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in
my sight ?

Q. MAR. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

GLO. Wert thou not banished on pain of death ?

Q. MAR. I was ; but I do find more pain in
banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou owest to me.—
And thou, a kingdom ;—all of you, allegiance :
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

GLO. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
His curses, then, from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. ELIZ. So just is God, to right the innocent.

HAST. O 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

RIV. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DOR. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCK. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR. What ! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat.

And turn you all your hatred now on me ?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—
Why, then give away, dull clouds, to my quick
curses !—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss ;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !

Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

And, after many lengthened hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray
him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

GLO. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd
hag.

Q. MAR. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell !

GLO. Margaret.

Q. MAR. Richard !

GLO. Ha !

Q. MAR. I call thee not.

GLO. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think,
That thou had'st called me all these bitter names.

Q. MAR. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curse.

GLO. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. ELIZ. Thus have you breathed your curse
against yourself.

Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of
my fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whet'st a knife, to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd
toad.

HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse !

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you ! you have all
moved mine.

RIV. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

DOR. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. MAR. Peace, master marquis, you are mala-
pert :

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them ;

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

GLO. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it,
marquis.

DOR. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

GLO. Ay, and much more : But I was born so
high,

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas !
alas !—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :—

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

BUCK. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

BUCK. Have done, have done.

Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

BUCK. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. MAR. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom-tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him :

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

GLO. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel ?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER (1455-1485)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THUS is the storm abated by the craft
Of a shrewd counsellor, eager to protect
The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears ;
For deep as hell itself, the avenging draught
Of civil slaughter ! Yet, while temporal power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life ;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth ;
And, under cover of this woeful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour.

KING EDWARD IV AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH

OLD BALLAD

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne.
With horne, and eke with bowe ;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was aware of a bold tannèr,
Come riding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

"Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye ;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king.
 "Thou art welcome, Sir," sayd hee.
 "The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shew to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand ?
 The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand."

"This is an unreadye waye," sayd our king,
 "Thou doest but jest, I see ;
 Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Awaye with a vengeance !" quoth the tanner :
 "I hold thee out of thy witt :
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare ;
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
 "Thou payest no fare of mine :
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
 "And send them well to priefe."

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

"What art thou," hee sayd, "thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare,
 For the clothes thou wearest upon thy back,
 Might besee me a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
 "I tell you, Sir, by the roode."
 "Then thou playest, [as many an unthrift doth,
 And standest in midds of thy goode."

"What tydings heare you," sayd the kynge,
 "As you ryde farre and neare?"
 "I heare no tydings, Sir, by the masse,
 But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are those?
 I marvell what they bee?"
 "What, art thou a foole?" the tanner reply'd;
 "I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman are thou," said the king,
 "I praye thee tell me trowe."
 "I am a barker, Sir, by my trade;
 Nowe tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, Sir," quoth he,
 "That am forth of service worne;
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunnings for to learne."

"Marrye Heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,
 "That thou my prentise were:
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
 By fortye shilling a yere."

"Yet one thinge wolde I," sayd our king,

"If thou wilt not seeme strange :
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change."

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude, fellowe,
 I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the king,
 "I sweare, so mote I thee :
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, Sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare :
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss ;
 Aye skipping here and theare."

"What boote wilt thou have ?" our king reply'd
 "Now tell me in this stound."

"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
 But a noble in gold so round."

"Her's twentye groates of white money,
 Sith thou will have it of mee."

"I would have sworne now," quoth the tanner,
 "Thou hadst not had one pennie."

"But since we two have made a change,
 A change we must abide,
 Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou gettest not my cow-hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the kynge,
 "I sweare, so mought I thee ;
 Thy foul cove-hide I wolde not beare,
 If thou woldst give it to mee."

158 EDWARD IV AND THE TANNER

The tanner hee tooke his good cove-hide,
 That of the cow was hilt ;
 And threwe it upon the king's sadëlle,
 That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
 'Tis time that I were gone :
 When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
 Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

When the tanner he was in the kynges sadëlle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was ;
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile waggo,
 And eke the black cove-horne ;
 He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast :
 As length the tanner came tumbling downe ;
 His necke he had well-nye brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
 "With mee he shall not byde."

"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
 But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.

"Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
 I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have ?" the tanner replyd,
 "Nowe tell me in this stounde."

"Noe pence nor half pence, Sir, by my
 But I will have twentye pound."

“Here’s twentye groates out of my purse ;
 And twentye I have of thine :
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine.”

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
 And blewe both loud and shrille :
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.

“Nowe, out alas !” the tanner he cryde,
 “That ever I sawe this daye !
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
 Will beare my cowe-hide away.”

“They are no thieves,” the king replyde,
 “I sweare, soe mote I thee :
 But they are the lords of the north countrée
 Here come to hunt with mee.”

And soone before our king they came
 And knelt downe on the ground :
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounce.

“A collar, a collar, here :” sayd the king,
 “A collar,” he loud gan crye :
 Then woulde he lever than twentye pound,
 He had not beene so nighe.

“A collar, a collar,” the tanner he sayd,
 “I trowe it will breed sorrowe :
 After a collar cometh a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang’d to-morrowe.”

“Be not afraid, tanner,” said our king
 “I tell thee, so mought I thee,
 Lo here I make thee the best esquire
 That is in the North countrie.

“ For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside :
 ’Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.”

“ Gramercye, my liege,” the tanner replyde,
 “ For the favour thou hast me showne ;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.”

KING EDWARD V (1483)

KING RICHARD III (1483-1485)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF KING RICHARD III

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT III. SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES,
 GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER,
 and others.*

BUCK. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to
 your chamber.

GLO. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts’ sove-
 reign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
 I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
 years

Hath not yet dived into the world’s deceit :
 No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends ! but
they were none.

GLO. My lord, the mayor of London comes to
greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR, and his Train.

MAY. God bless your grace with health and happy
days !

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord ;—and
thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, etc.*]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

BUCK. And in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

PRINCE. Welcome, my lord : What, will our
mother come ?

HAST. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your
grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCK. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently ?
 If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
 And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

* * * *

CARD. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
 once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

HAST. I go, my lord.

PRINCE. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
 you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

GLO. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
 If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
 Then where you please, and shall be thought most
 fit

For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—
 Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

GLO. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE. Is it upon record ? or else reported
 Successively from age to age he built it ?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
 Methinks, the truth shall live from age to age,
 As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
 Even to the general all-ending day.

GLO. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live
 long. (*Aside.*)

PRINCE. What say you, uncle ?

GLO. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
 Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity. } (*Aside.*)
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

PRINCE. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life,
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

BUCK. What, my gracious lord ?

PRINCE. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

GLO. Short summers lightly have a forward
spring. *(Aside.)*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

BUCK. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
of York.

PRINCE. Richard of York ! how fares our loving
brother ?

YORK. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you
now.

PRINCE. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

GLO. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

YORK. I thank you, gentle uncle, O my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother, hath outgrown me far.

GLO. He hath, my lord.

YORK. And therefore is he idle ?

GLO. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

GLO. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

YORK. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this
dagger.

GLO. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my
heart.

PRINCE. A beggar, brother ?

YORK. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLO. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it ?

GLO. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

GLO. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

YORK. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

GLO. What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

YORK. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

GLO. How ?

YORK. Little.

PRINCE. My lord of York will still be cross in talk ;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

BUCK. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself :

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

GLO. My gracious lord, will't please you, pass along ?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother ; to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

YORK. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

PRINCE. My lord protector needs will have it so.

YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO. Why, sir, what should you fear ?

YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

PRINCE. I fear no uncles dead.

GLO. Nor none that live I hope.

PRINCE. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* * * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Enter TYRREL.

TYR. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind ;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation e'er she framed.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. RICH. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy
news ?

HAST. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

GLO. If!

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Forces; the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. RICH. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field,—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SUR. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH. My lord of Norfolk,—

NOR. Here, most gracious liege.

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

NOR. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

(Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.)

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

NOR. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

RICHM. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him.
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

BLUNT. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well am I assured, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHM. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

BLUNT. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

RICHM. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
Into my tent, the air is raw and cold.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarum ; Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces :
to him CATESBY.*

CATE. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue.

TYR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. RICH. But didst thou see them dead ?

TYR. I did, my lord.

K. RICH. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

TYR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them ;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. RICH. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

TYR. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. RICH. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up
close ;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, I know the Bretagne Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of
ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a
table ; Officers of the council attending.*

HAST. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are
met

Is—to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak ; when is the royal day ?

BUCK. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

STAN. They are ; and wants but nomination.

ELY. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCK. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?

Who is most inward with the noble duke ?

ELY. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

BUCK. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine :—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HAST. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein :

But you, my noble lord, may name the time,

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which I presume he'll take in gentle part

(Later in same scene.)

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

GLO. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

HAST. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord.

Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders : Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLO. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitched ; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up ;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
That by her witchcraft thus have marked me.

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger ;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. RICH. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

CATE. Withdraw my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. RICH. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die ;
 I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him :—
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[Exeunt.]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD, and RICHMOND ;
 and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then
 enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown,
 with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

RICHM. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious friends ;
 The day is ours.

* * * *

O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together ;
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days ;
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

ACT I.

The Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

CLARENCE. O, I have passed a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams and ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAK. What was your dream my lord ? I pray
you tell me.

CLAR. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches, thence we look'd towards Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled : and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon,

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea ;

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

CLAR. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

CLAR. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life :

O, then began the tempest to my soul !
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?*
And so he vanish'd : Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood : and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field of Tewksbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments.—*
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise.
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you ;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake, ; and, see, how he requites
me !—

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK. I will, my lord ; God give your grace
good rest !—

(Clarence reposes himself on a chair.)

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares,
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

THE TUDOR DYNASTY.

KING HENRY VII (1485-1509)

COLUMBUS (1492)

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

PALE and worn he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah ! that night
Of all dark nights ! And then a speck—
A light ! A light ! A light ! A light !
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled !
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world ; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson ; " On ! and on ! "

PERKIN WARBECK (1497)

BY JOHN FORD

ACT V. SCENE 2.

*Enter DAWBENEY, with a Guard, leading in WARBECK
HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and SKETON,
chained.*

DAW. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne !
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but, in effect a substance
Of pity ; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

K. HEN. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder ; I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands ?

DAW. From sanctuary

At Bewley, near Southampton ; register'd,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

K. HEN. I must not thank you, sir ! you were to
blame

To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :

Dare we be irreligious ?

DAW. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.

K. HEN. So ? 'twas very well ;
'Twas very, very well !—turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck !

WAR. But not my heart ; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretaine's court.
Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

DAW. Whither speeds his boldness ?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. HEN. O, let him range :
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part ;
He does but act. What follow'd ?

WAR. Bosworth Field ;
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,

Appear'd at once : the tale is soon applied ;
 Fate, which crown'd these attempts when least
 assured,

Might have befriended others like resolv'd.

K. HEN. A pretty gallant !

* * * *

Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows
(*They rise.*)

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower :

With safety let them be convey'd to London.

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffered to their persons ;

They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition

Hath many years distracted.

WAR. Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity : the Tower ?

Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. HEN. No more !

URS. Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-
 think you.

[*Exit URS. with PERKIN and his followers, guarded.*]

K. HEN. Was ever so much impudence in
 forgery ?

The custom sure, of being stiled a king,

Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such ;

But we shall teach the lad another language :

'Tis good we have him fast.

DAW. The hangman's physic

Will purge this saucy humour.

K. HEN. Very likely :

SCENE 3. LONDON. *The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK,
 and LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed
 by the rabble. Enter Sheriff and Officers with
 SKETON, ASTLEY, HERON, and JOHN A-W
 with Halters about their necks.*

Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death !

WAR. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead 'em on courageously ; I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory ! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, for we are prologue
But to his tragedy, conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears ; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male ; Heaven be obey'd !
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death ? pish ! 'tis but a sound ; a name of air ;
A minute's storm, or not so much ; to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood ; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit !
Spurn coward passion ! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and stile us kings o'er death.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.]

DAW. Away, impostor beyond precedent !
No chronicle records his fellow.

MARGARET TUDOR (1502)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

LOVE who art above us all,
Guard the treasure on her way,
Flower of England, fair and tall,
Maiden-wise and maiden-gay,
As her northward path she goes ;
Daughter of the double rose.

Look with twofold grace on her
Who from twofold root has grown,
Flower of York and Lancaster,
Now to grace another throne,
Rose in Scotland's garden set,—
Britain's only Margaret.

Exile-child from childhood's bower
Pledge and bond of Henry's faith,
James, take home our English flower,
Guard from touch of scorn and skaith ;
Bearing, in her slender hands,
Palms of peace to hostile lands.

Safe by southern smiling shires,
Many a city, many a shrine ;
By the newly kindled fires
Of the black Northumbrian mine ;
Border clans in ambush set,
Carry thou fair Margaret.

—Land of heath and hill and linn,
Land of mountain-freedom wild,
She in heart to thee is kin,
Tudor's daughter, Gwynedd's child !
In her lively lifeblood share
Angharad and Gwenllïan fair.

East and West, from Dee to Yare,
Now in equal bonds are wed :
Peace her new-found flower shall wear,
Rose that dapples white with red ;
North and South, dissever'd yet,
Join in this fair Margaret !

Ocean round our Britain roll'd
Sapphire ring without a flaw,
When wilt thou one realm enfold,
One in freedom, one in law ?
Will that ancient feud be sped,
Brothers' blood by brothers shed ?

—Land with freedom's struggle sore,
 Land to whom thy children cling
 With a lover's love and more,
 Take the gentle gift we bring!
 Pearl in thy crown-royal set;
 Scotland's other Margaret.

KING HENRY VIII (1509–1547)

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE imperial stature, the colossal stride,
 Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
 The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
 The vestments brodered with barbaric pride :
 And lo ! a poniard, at the monarch's side,
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
 'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty king !
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
 How Providence educeth, from the spring
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate.

EXTRACT FROM THE EXCURSION

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

So the wide waters, open to the power,
 The will, the instincts, and appointed needs
 Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
 Her swarms, and in succession send them forth,
 Bound to establish new communities
 On every shore whose aspect favours hope
 Or bold adventure ; promising to skill
 And perseverance their deserved reward.

FLODDEN FIELD (1513)

OLD BALLAD

KING JAMIE hath made a vow,

Keep it well if he may !

That he will be at lovely London

Upon Saint James his day.

“ Upon Saint James his day at noon,

At fair London will I be,

And all the lords in merry Scotland,

They shall dine there with me.”

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,

The tears fell from her eye !

“ Leave off these wars, most noble king,

Keep your fidelity.

“ The water runs swift and wondrous deep

From bottom unto the brim ;

My brother Henry hath men good enough :

England is hard to win.”

“ Away,” quoth he, “ with this silly fool !

In prison fast let her lie :

For she is come of the English blood,

And for these words she shall die.”

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,

The Queen’s chamberlain that day ;

“ If that you put Queen Margaret to death,

Scotland shall rue it alway.”

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,

“ Away with this foolish mome !

He shall be hang’d and the other burn’d,

So soon as I come home.”

At Flodden field the Scots came in,

Which made our Englishmen fain ;

At Bramstone-green this battle was seen :

There was King Jamie slain.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD 181

Then presently the Scots did fly,
 Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
 Our soldiers did beat them blind.
To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain
 That to the fight did stand,
And many a prisoner took that day,
 The best in all Scotland.
That day made many a fatherless child,
 And many a widow poor,
And many a Scottish gay lady
 Sate weeping in her bower,
Jack with a fether was lapt all in lether,
 His boastings were all in vain;
He had such a chance with [a] new morrice dance
 He never went home again.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD (1513)

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!
 Hark! 'tis ringing down the street
And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
 News of triumph? who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
 Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watched the beacons
 Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
 Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beckon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

182 EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD

News of battle ! who hath brought it ?

All are thronging to the gate ;

“Warder—warder ! open quickly !

Man—is this a time to wait ? ”

And the heavy gates are opened :

Then a murmur long and loud,

And a cry of fear and wonder

Bursts from out the bending crowd.

For they see in battered harness

Only one hard-stricken man ;

And his weary steed is wounded,

And his cheek is pale and wan :

Spearless hangs a bloody banner

In his weak and drooping hand—

God ! can that be Randolph Murray,

Captain of the city-band ?

Round him crush the people, crying,

“Tell us all—oh, tell us true !

Where are they who went to battle,

Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?

Where are they, our brothers—children ?

Have they met the English foe ?

Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?

Is it weal or is it woe ? ”

Like a corpse the grizzly warrior

Looks from out his helm of steel ;

But no word he speaks in answer—

Only with his armèd heel

Chides his weary steed, and onward

Up the city streets they ride ;

Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,

Shrieking, praying by his side,

“By the God that made thee, Randolph !

Tell us what mischance hath come.”

Then he lifts his riven banner,

And the asker's voice is dumb.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD 183

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
“Your hands are weak with age,” he said,
“Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town !”

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.

184 EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN FIELD

They knew so sad a messenger
 Some ghastly news must bring,
 And all of them were fathers,
 And their sons were with the king.

And up then rose the Provost—
 A brave old man was he,
 Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
 And chivalrous degree.

* * * *

Oh, woful now was the old man's look,
 And he spake right heavily—
 "Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
 However sharp they be !

Woe is written on thy visage,
 Death is looking from thy face :
 Speak ! though it be of overthrow—
 It cannot be disgrace !"

Right bitter was the agony
 That wrung that soldier proud :
 Thrice did he strive to answer,
 And thrice he groaned aloud.

Then he gave the riven banner
 To the old man's shaking hand,
 Saying—"That is all I bring ye
 From the bravest of the land !

Ay ! ye may look upon it—
 It was guarded well and long,
 By your brothers and your children,
 By the valiant and the strong.

One by one they fell around it.
 As the archers laid them low,
 Grimly dying, still unconquered,
 With their faces to the foe.

Ay ! ye well may look upon it—
 There is more than honour there,
 Else, be sure, I had not brought it
 From the field of dark despair.

Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye ;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy.
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life blood of your king ! ”
Woe, woe, and lamentation !
What a piteous cry was there !
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
“ O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before !
O our king ! the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more ?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland !
O our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again ! ”
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them !

SELECTION FROM THE PLAY OF KING HENRY VIII

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT II. SCENE 4.

A Hall in Black-Friars.

Queen Katharine's Trial.

WOLSEY. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read

Let silence be commanded.

K. HEN. What's the need ?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;

You may then spare that time.

WOL. Be't so :—Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry, King of England, come
into the court,

CRIER. Henry, King of England, etc.

K. HEN. Here.

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine, Queen of England,
come into court.

CRIER. Katharine, Queen of England, etc.

*(The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair,
goes about the court, comes to the king, and kneels
at his feet ; then speaks.)*

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you do me right, and
justice ;

And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ; what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends,
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you : If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment ! Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm that did debate this business.
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not, i' th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

WOL. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you desire the court ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

* * *

Q. KATH. Lord Cardinal,—
 To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. KATH. Sir.

I am about to weep ; but thinking that
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears

I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.

* * * *

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord.
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and
humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please

Yourselves pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.

WOL. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

CROMWELL. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

WOL. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

CROM. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd

He did it with a serious mind, a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

WOL. Is he ready

To come abroad?

CROM. I think, by this he is.

WOL. Leave me a while.—

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke?

NORFOLK. He's discontented.

SUFFOLK. May be, he hears the king
Does what his anger to him.

SUR. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

* * * *

NOR. He is vex'd at something.

SUF. I would, 'twere something that would
fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule ; and Lovell.

SUF. The king, the king.

K. HEN. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
lated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ? How i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

NOR. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
Is in his brain.

* * * *

K. HEN. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required ; And, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

*(He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to
Wolsey.)*

WOL. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

K. HEN. Good my lord.
Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me
If what I now pronounce, you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

WOL. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours.

* * * *

K. HEN. Fairly answer'd ;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : The honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

WOL. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own.

K. HEN. 'Tis nobly spoken :
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this :
(Giving him papers.)
And, after this ; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ; the
nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.]*

WOL. What should this mean ?
What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him ;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so.
This paper has undone me :—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—to the Pope?
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

* * * *

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]

WOL. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace ?

WOL. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

WOL. I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him !

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome.
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me,—all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king :
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him.
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not : make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,

Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate
thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—Pry'thee, lead me in ;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

ANNE BOLEYN, THE LADY IN THE TOWER

ON the dark Tower bright shone the morning sun
That told the night was past, the day begun ;
The lady thought on what she once had been,
A captive now, where once she reigned a queen.

The hour was come and high the scaffold stood,
The axe was ready for its work of blood,
And many stood around, too proud to own
They once had trembled at that lady's frown ;
And some few faithful damsels lingered nigh
To see their guiltless, much loved lady die.
The cold steel shone. 'Tis past—the gleam is gone,
The fatal stroke was struck, the deed was done,
And that bright head that once had worn a crown,
Ghastly, yet red with gore, came rolling down.

The fawns were sporting in the bracken wild,
And on the ancient oaks the sunlight smiled ;
Through the green trees arose the smoke-wreaths then
That told of many a cot that slept within ;
And the broad river nobly lay below,
So still and calm you scarce might see it flow.
No trace of human guilt or misery there,
But all was still and dewy, calm and fair.
There was one man upon a high green mound ;
Oh ! did he gaze upon the scenes around ?
He was a monarch, did he linger there
To taste the sweetness of the summer air ?

One distant spot, one spot, and only one,
With eyeball fixed, that monarch gazed upon ;
There, where in one thick cloud the smoke-wreath
rose,
Stood England's pride, the envy of her foes.
In chequered mass beneath that spot of sky
Dwelt guilt and virtue, wealth and poverty ;
But not the meanest of the lawless crew,
Lurking, till night his evil work to do,
Bare heart more ruthless or more steel'd to crime
Than that proud monarch of this western clime.
Lo, on the smoky cloud, a floating thing !
Oh ! what a world of tidings did it bring !
Yea, fair and spotless was each waving fold,

But what a mockery of the tale it told ;
 Then a strange rapture on the monarch came,
 Flashed in his eye and trembled in his frame !
 He scarce suppress a wild exulting yell
 At her sad fate, whom once he loved so well.

KING EDWARD VI (1547-1553).

EDWARD VI

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

"SWEET is the holiness of youth"—so felt
 Time-honoured Chaucer when he framed the lay
 By which the prioress beguiled the way,
 And many a pilgrim's rugged heart did melt.
 Hadst thou, loved bard ! whose spirit often dwelt
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy
 For universal Christendom had thrilled
 Thy heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled
 (O great precursor, genuine morning star)
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,
 Piercing the papal darkness from afar !

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF MARY TUDOR

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE

ACT I.

A street in London.

BEDINGFIELD. Be well assured the king is sick
 to death.

PEMBROKE. Tush, sir, the king is young, and
 young blood fires
 Like flax.

BED. And dies as quickly. I repeat it,
Even now the king lies at the point of death.

WYATT. How can it be ? But one short month
it seems

Since I beheld him on his jennet's back,
With hawk on wrist, his bounding hounds beside,
Charge up the hillside through the golden gorse,
Swallowing the west wind, till his cheeks glowed
out

Like ripened pears. The whirring pheasant sprang
From the hedged bank ; and, with a shout, in air
The bright boy tossed his falcon ; then with spur
Pressed to his jennet's flank, and head thrown back,
And all the spirit of life within his eye
And voice, he drew not rein, till the spent quarry
Lay cowering 'neath the hawk's expanded wings.

ARUNDEL. And what saith Sir John Cheke, his
grace's tutor ?

That one so apt to learn, mature in judgment,
Ne'er hath o'erleaped the silken fence of childhood.

WYATT. Too hotly from the deep well of his
heart

Boils up his fevered blood.

BED. You miss the mark !

No fever pants upon King Edward's life ;
Nor natural decay hath drained his heart.

PEM. Then, by the rood ! John Dudley must
be questioned

Wherefore he mews the king up thus at Green-
wich,

With beldams, herberers, and wizard quacks ?

BED. Too late ! the axe, henceforth, shall
answer make

To dangerous questioners.

WYATT. He flies too high
This modern Dedalus !

AB. O royal seed
Of York and Lancaster, in Tudor blended,

How are ye fallen, when this base minion churl,
This felon-born, dares lift his ransomed hand
Against your sacred house—misrules your people—
Usurps your sceptre—decimates your peers—
Nay, holds the throne in his arbitrement !

BED. Aye—there you press the spring of his
design.

No child of the eighth Harry shall be queen
If Dudley's will be law.

AR. Pernicious traitor !

Much hath he dared ! but with plebeian hand
Dares he to clutch that crown the Norman rent
From Harold's helm—and lion-hearted Richard
Bore through the fields of Palestine redeemed,
At Ascalon, in the Crusaders' van ?

O spirits of our old nobility !
Rise from your tombs and blast this upstart carle !
Mowbray is gone ; but Thomas Howard lives !
The suns of Bohun and de Clare have set ;
But Oxford's star beams brightly from his shield !
Nevilles there be, though Warwick's veins are
cold !

Awake, avengers ! Bearders of kings, arise !
And crush the caitiff !

BED. One and all we join
That cry, O Arundel ! Well I remember
When from the midst of English gentlemen
Great Somerset, the uncle of the king,
Was, like some stag, the captain of the herd,
Torn down and throttled by this blood-hound
Dudley !

How flashed your eyes above your half-drawn
sword,
While muttered malisons hissed through your
teeth !

WYATT. Sirs, be ye calm, probing the kingdom's
hurt.

She whom this Dudley wills to wear the crown

Descends, through Tudor, from Plantagenet :
 And the two Roses on so fair a cheek
 As Lady Jane's, the duke of Suffolk's daughter,
 Have never blended.

AR. The duchess' mother lives—

PEM. Nor she—nor any daughter of her house—
 Not my son's wife, shall ever be my queen !

WYATT. Beshrew King Harry ! had he loved
 one wife—

Or crowned no concubine—our course were plain,
 But now—In sooth I trow not if to marry
 One's brother's wife, be uncanonical,
 But this I know, howe'er legitimate,
 The Lady Mary's neither young nor fair,
 But black papistical. The lady Bess
 Loves the true church, and is as fair withal
 As her frail mother Boleyn.

BED. There's the rub.

Too sweetly Boleyn smiled on Harry's wooing
 Ere he was severed by sufficient warrant
 From the crowned queen. But six short months
 divided

The bridal and the birth. Elizabeth
 May not be hailed legitimately queen :
 But who shall gainsay Mary ?

WYATT. That dare I ?

Unless the sacred charter of our church
 Be well assured. If not, the Suffolk line,
 The blood of Grey, aye, Dudley's, I prefer.

JERNINGHAM. Sir Thomas Wyatt, you presume
 too far ;

Disparaging the royal Mary's claim—
 Which I aver—

AR. O peace ! the time needs union.
 Waste not in idle brawls your generous ardour,
 But lift your swords, and swear, kissing the hilts,
 That England shall not be a traitor's prey—
 Nor Tudor's heritage adorn a Grey ! [Exeunt.

Greenwich—the King's Bedchamber.

KING EDWARD *on a Couch* : LADY JANE *reading*.

JANE. How fares your highness now ?

EDWARD. Thy sweet voice, Jane,
Soothes every pain. A film grew o'er mine eyes ;
A murmur, as of breezes on the shore,
Or waters lapping in some gelid cave,
Coiled round my temples ; and I slept.

JANE. Ah cousin !
Not in my voice the charm. Within this volume
A sanatory virtue lives enshrined,
As in Bethesda's pool.

EDW. By an angel stirred !
I slept—methought the merry, chiming birds
Were round me, and the bleating of the lambs,
And cheerful harmony of hounds and horn,
And murmuring winds, and waters among trees,
Making the diapason of our earth ;
While by my side dear uncle Somerset
Rode, stately with grave smile. Where is he now ?
Ah, fatal falsehoods ! fatal credulity !
Look at this hand ! health withered in its veins
Signing the unnatural warrant.

JANE. Judge less hardly.
You were the instrument, but not the doer,
In that bad deed.

EDWARD. I am too young—too young
For sorrow and remorse ; yet both are here !
I yearn for freedom, like some callow scholar
Over his task perplexed ; and it will come.
Soon shall I leap forth like the lark at morn
Into the pathless sky—and through the gates
Of light, on—on—to heaven ! Hark ! some noise.
Who thus disturbs the last rest of a king ?

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND and CRANMER.

NORTH. We come, my liege, deputed by the
council,

To lay before your grace the realm's sad state
Thus widowed of your presence ; and abashed
By the frowns of coming wrong. Am I permitted ?

EDW. Permitted ? ah my lord, custom permits—
You seldom tread the paths of ceremony.
Say on—my soul is sad, but I will hear you.

NORTH. My lord archbishop will explain how far
Zeal strengthens us to stem the tide of evils
Which, should it please High Heaven to take your
grace,

Your death would loose upon us.

CRAN. May I speak ?

We pray you judge, should harm befall your grace,
The dangers of the church ; no pious prince,
Versed in true doctrine of our faith, succeeding.
How ill the lady Mary stands affected
Unto the church is known. Elizabeth

Gives, peradventure, better hope ; but here
Their claims make up a tissue so perplexed
The undoing of the woof destroys the web.

We must eschew both, or hold fast to both.

And thus by right of primogeniture

The lady Mary at our peril succeed.

NORTH. Mark well ! to England's and the
church's ruin !

CRAN. Now well we know, a wise prince and
religious,

God's glory and his kingdom's weal endangered,
Will put aside all weak respects of blood—

NORTH. Else would God's vengeance mete out
doom hereafter !

CRAN. But other hope remains. Three noble
daughters

Of Suffolk's bed are of the royal lineage :

Most near, and by their virtues well commended.

Through these—

JANE. Nay ! I must speak. My lord arch-
bishop.

I must protest—

NORTH. Be silent : the church speaks !

CRAN. Through these nor persecutor of our faith,
Nor foreign yoke, through marriage may be feared :
For these have been brought up with spiritual food ;
Suckled with christian doctrine undefiled ;
And matched with husbands zealous for the truth.
That these, firm pledged the true church to maintain,

Should be successively the kingdom's heirs
Most humbly we advise : and for this lady,
Eldest of that illustrious house, Jane Grey,
If all her virtues, which speak trumpet-tongued,
Suffice not, we, her father, all the council,
The peers of England, yea the realm itself,
Impledge our lives to back her constancy !

JANE. O no ! not me ! This remediless wrong
I have no part in. Edward—you have sisters :
Great Harry's daughter's—England's manifest heirs.

Leave right its way, and God will guard his own !

NORTH. The manifest heir of England ! tush !
you see not

The very point at issue. Counsellors,
Learned in the laws, hold the king's heirs to be
Whom the king's testament shall nominate.
Besides, the child of the incestuous Katherine
May not be queen : nor wanton Boleyn's daughter.

CRAN. Too harshly spoken ! Hold him up ! he faints—

So—he revives—sir, look upon this lady,
This angel that shall win a crown in heaven,
Worthier than all of earth ! King Edward ! hear me !

Uphold your people in her !

EDW. God be my guide !

Now and for ever ! Sense and thought forsake me.
O sisters ! ye desert me ! yet I love ye—

How much I love !

NORTH. They come not at your bidding.
Your people be your care.

EDW. Ah yes—my people !
To them, and to my God—be duty done !

NORTH. Sign then—

JANE. Sign not !

EDW. (*signing*). Come weal, come woe—'tis

Now take me, Lord, from this calamitous life !
Yet if to live and suffer be thy will,
And to thy chosen people serviceable,
I am contented to abide, and serve.

*Enter from the side, the PRINCESS MARY, followed
by BEDINGFIELD, JERNINGHAM and FAKENHAM.*

At last—and yet too late—I bless thee, sister !
Why comes not Bess ?

BED. She lay, my liege, too far
From Framlingham, and time, so rumour ran,
Pressed hardly on your grace.

MARY (*kissing Edward*). How wan ! how wasted !
My dear, lost brother !

[*Northumberland attempts to pass out.*]

BED. Go not forth, my lord,
While here her highness stays.

NORTH. How, varlet, how ?
Who shall debar my way ?

BED. I will—

JERN. And I.

EDW. What means this timeless brawl ?

Northumberland,
I deemed my sister's visit due to thee ;
Whence then this heat ? I am too weak to bear it.

MARY. My Lord of Lisle ! or—pardon me—Lord
Duke !

(To such a height your style hath grown, I learn)

Your message came—and I am here ! but not
Without precaution that secures return.

NORTH. Madam, you err : know your friends
better.

MARY. Yes.

I know them at their worth.

NORTH. Lady, you mark not
His grace's weak estate. I seek no brawl—
And fear no foe.

MARY. God's death ! my lord, nor I !
I bid you silence, sir.

NORTH. What ? menace me ?

BED. Beware this sword—if you advance, it
strikes !

JANE. O peace, good father, peace ! the king
sinks fast.

MARY.—Perils beset me—scorning all I come :
Shall I abide with thee ?

EDW. This gentle Jane
Hath been a sister in my sister's absence.

MARY. Why was I bade to go ? He bade me
fly,—

Ah traitor ! (*pointing to Northumberland*).

EDW. It is now too late—too late !
I have done what it were well had ne'er been done.

JANE. O would to God that act might be re-
called !

MARY. What act ?

JANE. That makes me queen.

MARY. Thou queen ! O never
Shall regal crown clasp that unwrinkled brow !
Thou queen ? go, girl—betake thee to thy mappets !
Call Ascham back—philosophize—but never
Presume to parley with grey counsellors ;
Nor ride forth in the front of harnessed knights !
Leave that to me, the daughter of a king.

EDW. I have wronged thee to save the state
from wrong.

I had much to say ; but faltering thought and
tongue

Forbid. Never shall foreign prince or prelate
Bear sway in England. So my father willed.
Cranmer, speak thou.

NORTH. Nay, I speak now. The king
Still, madam, proffers hope, on penitence.
The crown may yet be your's—this act annulled ;
If here before this dying saint, in presence
Of this most holy prelate, and this lady
Wise past her years, your errors you renounce.

MARY. Sir, have you done ? simply I thus reply.
Not to drag England from this slough of treason—
Nor save this lady's head—nor your's, arch-
bishop ;—

Not even my brother's life—would I abjure
My faith, and forfeit heaven !

CRAN. Pause, proud lady !
The end hath come. Lo ! one among us stands
Chainer of every tongue ! queller of princes !
One moment more, and penitence were vain.

All kneel by the king's couch.

EDW. Lord ! keep thy people steadfast in the
faith !

I die—bless all—Jesus receive my soul. [Dies.

LADY JANE GREY (1553)

LADY JANE GREY

BY JOHN WEBSTER

A room in Sion House, London.

^ (Enter Guildford and Jane.)

GUILD. Our cousin king is dead.

JANE. Alas, how small an urn contains a king !
He, that rul'd all even with his princely breath

Is forc'd to stoop now to the stroke of death.
 Heard you not the proclamation ?

GUILD. I hear of it, and I give credit to it.
 What great men fear to be, their fears make greater.
 Our fathers grow ambitious,
 And would force us sail in mighty tempests,
 And are not lords of what they do possess.
 Are not thy thoughts as great ?

JANE. I have no thoughts so rank, so grown to
 head
 As are our fathers' pride.
 Troth, I do enjoy a kingdom, having thee ;
 And so my pain be prosperous in that.
 What care I though a sheep-cote be my palace
 Or fairest roof of honour. *[Exeunt.]*

* * *

An apartment in the Castle of Framlingham.
(Enter Queen Mary, with a prayer-book in her
hand, like a nun.)

MARY. Thus like a nun, not like a princess born,
 Descended from the royal Henry's loins,
 Live I environ'd in a house of stone.
 My brother Edward lives in pomp and state ;
 I in a mansion here all ruinate.
 Their rich attire, delicious banqueting,
 Their several pleasures, all their pride and honour,
 I have forsaken for a rich prayer-book.
 The golden mines of wealthy India
 Are all as dross comparèd to thy sweetness :
 Thou art the joy and comfort of the poor ;
 The everlasting bliss in thee we find.
 This little volume, enclosed in this hand,
 Is richer than the empire of this land.

(Enter Sir Henry Bedingfield.)

BEDING. Pardon me, madam, that so boldly I
 press

Into your chamber : I salute your highness
With the high style of queen.

MARY. Queen ! may it be ?

Or jest you at my lowering misery ?

BEDING. Your brother king is dead,
And you the Catholic queen must now succeed.

MARY. I see my God at length hath heard my
prayer,
You, Sir Harry, for your glad tidings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

(Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt.)

WYATT. Health to the lady Mary !

MARY. And why not queen, Sir Thomas ?

WYATT. Ask that of Suffolk's duke, and great
Northumberland,

Who in your stead have crown'd another.

MARY. Another queen, Sir Thomas, we alive,
The true immediate heiress of our dead father !

WYATT. Nothing more true than that,
Nothing more true than you are the true heir.
Come, leave this cloister, and be seen abroad :
Your very sight will stir the people's hearts,
And make them cheerly for Queen Mary cry.
One comfort I can tell you : the tenants
Of the dukes Northumberland and Suffolk
Denied their aid in these unlawful arms ;
To all the council I denied my hand,
And for King Henry's issue still will stand.

MARY. Your counsel, good Sir Thomas, is so
pithy
That I am won to like it.

WYATT. Come, let us straight
From hence, from Framlingham. Cheer your
spirits.
I'll to the dukes at Cambridge, and discharge
Them all.—Prosper me, God, in these affairs !

I lov'd the father well, I lov'd the son,
And for the daughter I through death will run.

[*Exeunt.*]

* * * *

*London. A room in the Royal Palace.—
Queen Mary, Wyatt, Arundel, and Lords.*

ARUN. Count Egmont, the ambassador from
Spain,
Attends your highness' answer 'bout those letters
Sent from the emperor in his son's behalf.

* * * *

WYATT. Which of you all dares justify this
match,
And be not touch'd in conscience with an oath?
Remember, O, remember, I beseech you,
King Henry's last will and his last act at court!
I mean that royal act of parliament
That does prohibit Spaniards from the land,
That will and act to which you all are sworn;
And do not damn your souls with perjury.

Q. MARY. But that we know thee, Wyatt, to
be true
Unto the crown of England and to us,
Thy over-boldness should be paid with death:
But cease, for fear your liberal tongue offend.—
With one consent, my lords, you like this match?
OMNES, *except* WYATT. We do, great sovereign.
Q. MARY. Call in Count Egmont, honourable
lords.

(*Enter Egmont.*)

We have determin'd of your embassy,
And thus I plight our love to Philip's heart.
Embark you straight; the wind blows wondrous
fair:

Till he shall land in England I'm all care.

[*Exeunt all except Wyatt.*]

WYATT. And ere he land in England, I will offer

My loyal breast for him to tread upon.
O, who so forward, Wyatt, as thyself
To raise this troublesome queen in this her throne ?
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud nation,
Whom naturally our countrymen abhor.
Assist me, gracious Heavens, and you shall see
What hate I bear unto their slavery !
I'll into Kent, there muster up my friends,
To save this country, and this realm defend.

[*Exit.*

*A room in the Tower. Enter Guildford,
Jane, and Lieutenant.*

GUILD. Good morrow to the partner of my woe.

JANE. Good morrow to my lord, my lovely
Dudley :

Why do you look so sad, my dearest lord ?

GUILD. Nay, why doth Jane thus with a heavy
eye,

And a defected look, salute the day ?

Sorrow doth ill become thy silver brow : .

Sad grief lies dead, so long as thou liv'st fair ;

In my Jane's joy I do not care for care.

JANE. My looks, my love, are sorted with my
heart :

The sun himself doth scanty show his face.

Out of this firm grate you may perceive

The Tower-hill throng'd with store of people,

As if they gap'd for some strange novelty.

GUILD. Though sleep do seldom dwell in men of
care,

Yet I did this night sleep, and this night dream'd

My princely father, great Northumberland,

Was married to a stately bride ;

And then methought, just on his bridal day,

A poison'd draught did take his life away.

JANE. Let not fond visions so appal my love ;
For dreams do oftentimes contràry prove.

GUILD. The nights are tedious, and the days are sad :

And see you how the people stand in heaps,
Each man sad-looking on his oppos'd object,
As if a general passion possess'd them ?
Their eyes do seem as dropping as the moon,
As if prepared for a tragedy ;
For never swarms of people there do tread.
But to rob life and to enrich the dead.
And so they wept ?

LIEUT. My lord, they did so, for I was there.

GUILD. I pray, resolve us, good Master Lieutenant,

Who was it yonder that tender'd up his life
To nature's death ?

LIEUT. Pardon me, my lord ;
'Tis felony to acquaint you with the death
Of any prisoner ; yet, to resolve your grace,
It was your father, great Northumberland,
That this day lost his head.

GUILD. Peace rest his soul !
His sins be buried in his grave,
And not remember'd in his epitaph !—
But who comes here ?

JANE. My father prisoner !

(Enter Suffolk, guarded forth.)

SUFF. O Jane, now naught but fear ! thy title
and
Thy state thou now must leave for a small grave.
Had I been contented to ha' been great, I had
stood ;

But now my rising is pull'd down with blood.
Farewell !—Point me my house of prayers.

JANE. Is grief
So short ? 'Twas wont to be full of words, 'tis
true ;
But now death's lesson bids a cold adieu.

Farewell ! Thus friends on desperate journeys
part ;

Breaking off words with tears, that swell the heart.

[Exit Suffolk, guarded.]

LIEUT. 'Tis the pleasure of the queen that you
part lodgings

Till your arraignment, which must be to-morrow.

JANE. Good Master Lieutenant, let us pray to-
gether.

LIEUT. Pardon me, madam, I may not ; they
that owe you, sway me.

GUILD. Entreat not, Jane : though he our bodies
part,

Our souls shall meet : farewell, my love !

JANE. My Dudley, my own heart ! *[Exeunt.]*

LADY JANE GREY (1553)

SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF MARY TUDOR

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Great hall of the tower, as a court.

*(Enter Queen Mary, attended by Gardiner as
Chancellor)*

MARY *[from the throne]*. Open the court !

Norfolk, high steward presiding.

GARD. I stand before your Highness and your
Barons

Accuser of these lords, and this sad lady,

Of treasons, so notoriously sustained

By overtacts and speech we need not witness.

But something I must say touching the root

Of these offences. I have somewhere read

That in the Indian isles there grows a tree

Of goodliest aspect, spreading to the sun

A canopy of shade so redolent

Of odours, and attractive in that clime
 By its inviting coolness, that the unwary
 Are tempted to their ruin ; for within
 The beauty of that bower lurks death : the air
 Draws poison from its bloom, and all it shelters
 Die ! in that tree behold this criminal !
 He in young Edward's court fatally flourished !
 Our nobles sat within his shade, and perished !
 Witness for me that princely Somerset,
 The king's own uncle, noblest of the land !
 What need to sum his wiles, rapacities ?
 Ye exiles, and extinguished hearths, make answer !
 Sprung from a tainted stock, behold him leap,
 As at a bound, even to the height of all !
 From knighthood to a dukedom—favourite—
 Sole minister of the inexperienced king :—
 Managing all, responsible for all—
 (Ah there we touch you, sir,—responsible !)
 Alone in power, alone you must account.
 But why waste breath on petty crimes like these ?
 To mount the throne for him were past all compass :
 But sire of kings he might be. Therefore he
 matched

His son to Lady Jane, a royal maiden ;
 Threatening the throne with dangerous approach.
 The king might die ? the royal sisters fall
 By monstrous fictions of wrenched law o'erpow-
 ered !

The king might die ! Alas ! the king did die !
 Died opportunely !—But I abstain. Not now
 Is that foul deed in question—

NORTH. Foully you strike !
 Hinting my life away, branding my fame
 With rumours vile, and lying as the lips
 That utter them !

NORTH. You must be silent, sir,
 You shall be heard in your defence.

GARD. That question

May well be pretermitted : but the fact
 Is not, and cannot be, denied, he made
 Or sought to make his son's wife queen of England.
 How he so practised on the dying king
 I show not forth. The matter, not the manner,
 Was the sufficient crime. Nor moot we here
 The royal right to alter the succession.
 Enough, the late king was deceived, enforced ;
 And, in the very agony of death,
 Knew not his acts. My lord of Canterbury !
 You, who were present, know that this is true.
 But why to you, or meaner personages,
 Refer ? The queen saw ; and can testify.

MARY. I witnessed at the death-bed of my
 , brother

Scenes of foul fraud and force ; the prisoner present,
 A busy agent—he will not deny it.

GARD. My lords ! Religion was the plea for this.
 Religion, a wide cloak for godless knaves !
 What, knew they not the apostolick rule
 That men are bound to obey even sinful princes ?
 Who dares insinuate that our queen's right rule
 Shall be a snare for conscience ? Hypocrites !
 Why claim ye toleration, yet refuse it ?
 Faith your perpetual cry, yet would ye stifle
 That faith which is the trust of other hearts.
 Your Bible is your idol : all must bow
 Before your exposition of its sense,
 Or forfeit all—the very throne !—blind plotters !
 To shun pretended dangers ye have plunged
 Into assured destruction. Now, behold !
 Irrevocable crime stands up for judgment !
 My lords, I claim your sentence !

NORF. O Lady Jane,
 And you, Lord Guildford Dudley, are you guilty ?

JANE. Strengthen me Thou who helpest all in
 trouble !

Flush my pale lips with truth—let fear not sully

My royal blood, fount of perpetual sorrow !
I wake from the vain dream of a blind sleep,
Nothing to hide, nothing extenuate.
My lords, reverse to me this good hath brought,
That I who dimly saw, now plainly see,
And seeing loathe my fault, and loathing, leave it.
The bolts of heaven have split the aspiring tower
Of my false grandeur ; and through every rent
The light of heaven streams in. Bear with me
further—

I am ashamed to speak in such a presence—
But there is one—my dear, dear husband,—spare
him !

One victim should suffice. My great offence
Needs expiation : I am here to make it.
My lords, this day shall stand in English annals
For ever memorized ; establishing
The law's dominion and the rightful rule.
In time to come it shall be known, ambition
Was not my nature though it makes my crime.
I waste your leisure—pardon me—I've done.
One grace alone I crave—in mercy weigh
My husband's sore temptation—spare my husband !

FAK [*aside*]. She rises from the sea of her great
trouble,

Like a pure infant glowing from the bath !

GUILD. I too, my lords, am guilty. Nought
but youth,

And sad misguidance, and connubial love
Extenuate my guilt. I kneel for mercy !

NORF. Does my lord duke plead as his son
hath pleaded ?

NORTH. No ! he hath pleaded as his fate con-
strains :

Albeit my limbs thereby are doubly shackled.
Madam ! to you I turn. Trial by peers
Cannot to me be just. Of those who judge
How many are my noted foes !

PEM. Not I !

NORTH. Ha ! the vexed adder hisses ! Well, my lords !

If this be treason (which if rightly construed
By motives, as sure documents shall prove,
Might bear a milder name) shall men sit there,
There on that bench, once my accomplices ?
It was no treason at the king's command,
To stablish the king's will by force of law !
If treason, then it was not mine alone,
Who joined what all approved—

PEM. You prompting them !

NORTH. Are you both judge and witness ?
Sacred honour !

Can such things be ? That act of council bears
Its attestation in its signatures.

Give me the instrument. What names are here ?
Some before mine. Here Thomas Cantuar ;—
Here Marquis Winchester, Lord Treasurer,—
Here—worthy—Pembroke ; and his son Lord
Herbert,

The captain of the guard to Lady Jane.

Why, my lords, sit you there, if I stand here ?—
The reverend prelate, labouring with dark tropes,
Spake of a poison tree—pointing at me
His sorry wit : if he implies by this
That in my heart this plot had origin,
I will not say he lies—my poor condition,
His office, bar that taunt—but I say this,
He wrongs me. Fanatick I have not been ;
Nor disputant : too little versed am I
Even in the grammar of the science divine,
To make theology rebellion's text,
Or for my flag hang out a preacher's gown !
Too much my youth, devoted to my Prince,
And later life to labours of the state
Have turned my thoughts from heaven. Now on
life's verge

With aching heart I stand, bound to clear up
Doubts that have long oppressed me. I have done.
Well know I that these judges will condemn me—
But thou, most pious queen, pity my soul !

ACT V. SCENE 6.

*The inner court of the Tower. A scaffold at the rear
of the scene.*

*(Enter Jane Grey, leaning on the Duchess of Suffolk,
followed by Bedingfield, etc).*

JANE. My mother ! we part here.

DUCHESS. Tear her not from me !

Was it for this, O martyred saint, I bore thee ?
Is my long travail's fruit thy bloody death ?

JANE. Here must we part. She faints—so best
for both !

Gently remove her. Bless thee ! bless thee,
mother !

And give thee length of years, to me denied—
Now lead me forward : I am ready.

BED. Madam,

We fain would linger on the way. Our eyes,
Blind though they be with tears, strain round to
catch

Some signal of reprieve.

JANE. O seek it not !

It cannot be. My life may not consist
With the realm's safety. Innocent am I
In purpose : but the object of great crimes.
Good blood must still flow on till Jane's be shed.

BED. At least we may delay till the dean comes
To whisper spiritual comfort ?

JANE. Infinite

Is the Almighty's goodness. In that, only,
Place I my trust. My time, sir, is too short
For controversy : and that good man's duty

Compels him to debate my creed. I thank him—
 Pray you, sir, say I thank him, from my heart—
 For all his charities. In privacy
 My prayers—not unacceptable, I trust,
 To God my Saviour—have been offered up.
 So must they to the end.

BED. At least permit me
 To seek the queen—

JANE. Sir Henry, by no means.
 Her grace is cumbered with affairs of state ;
 And must no more be troubled for my sake.
 Think you I wish to live ? Look on these weeds ;
 This widow-garment ! Life, to one like me,
 Is a drained vessel. As for death, being wholly
 Intent on the life to come, I disregard it.

*(A bier covered by a pall, is brought down from the
 scaffold : and carried across the stage.)*

Ah ! my poor heart !—stop, sir ! one moment stop !
*(She approaches the bier, lifts a hand from beneath
 the pall, wipes it with her handkerchief, kisses
 it ; then rising, places the handkerchief in her
 bosom.)*

Lie there, dear blood ! over my heart, till death !
 Sir, pardon me this weakness. I am ready.
 Yet, hold ! some words are due, before I die
 To the queen's grace, to justice, and to England.
 My sentence hath been just ! not for aspiring
 Unto the crown, but that, with guilty weakness,
 When proffered I refused it not. From me
 Let future times be warned that good intent
 Excuseth not misdeeds : all instruments
 Of evil must partake its punishment.

Sir Henry, take my hand. Lead on—to heaven !
*(As she turns towards the scaffold, she starts, smiles,
 gradually looks upwards, raising her arms.)*

I come, dear Love !—Jesus, receive our souls !

(As they ascend the scaffold the scene closes.)

QUEEN MARY (1553-1558)
SELECTIONS FROM THE PLAY OF
MARY TUDOR
(PART II)
ACT V. SCENE 6.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE

Richmond Palace. Queen's Chamber.

CARDINAL POLE. Great of soul wert thou,
And strong of heart till now. Be so again.

QUEEN. The strength of England, in my heart
till now

Concentred, melting, leaves me but myself—
Sum up my personal life. You knew me first,
A daughter, witness of her mother's wrongs—
A daughter, conscious of her father's crimes—
A princess, shorn of her inheritance—
A lady, taunted with foul bastardy—
A sister, from her brother's heart estranged—
A sister, by a sister's hand betrayed—
A rightful queen, hemmed by usurping bands
A reigning queen, baited by slaves she spared—
A maid betrothed, stung by the love she trusted—
A wedded wife, spurned from the hand that won
her—

A Christian, reeking with the blood of martyrs—
And now, at length, a hated tyrant, dragging
Her people to unprofitable wars ;
And from her feeble hold basely resigning
The trophy of long centuries of fame.
I have reigned—I am lost—let me die !

CARD. Is Calais worth these pangs ? Ineptitude
Hath lost what valour shall regain. *

QUEEN. 'Tis gone !—
For ever !—England's heritage of glory—
When shall her banner wave in France again ?

CARD. France outstrips her in the race of crime.

But I shall lie
 Forgotten in my grave ere then—Forgotten ?
 Forgotten ! no ! Shame's never dying echoes
 Shall keep the memory of the bloody Mary
 Alive in England. Vampyre calumny
 Shall prey on my remains. My name shall last
 To fright the children of the race I love.

CARD. Daughter, you err ; forgetting in this
 passion
 The justice of your Maker.

QUEEN. Humbly I own it :
 Impugning not the ways of Providence
 Because I suffer. Justly the penalty
 Of sin is meted to me.

CARD. With that thought
 Consent to peace were easy.

QUEEN. Peace ? no peace
 Till Calais be regained. No peace ! my people—
 All England shouts upon my dying ear.
 No peace—no peace—till Calais be won back !

CARD. Peace is God's gift.

QUEEN. Calais ! thy name is graven
 Upon my heart—You'll find it when I die !

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

(Executed 1555)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !
 See Latimer and Ridley in the night
 Of faith stand coupled for a common flight !
 One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
 Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold
 A torch of inextinguishable light ;
 The other gains a confidence as bold ;
 And thus they foil their enemy's despoite.
 The penal instruments, the shows of crime,

Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
 Of saintly friends, the "murderer's chain partake,
 Corded, and burning at the social stake":
 Earth never witnessed object more sublime
 In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

CRANMER

(Executed 1556)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

OUTSTRETCHING flame-ward his upbraided hand
 (O God of mercy, may no earthly seat
 Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band
 His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
 To the bare head, the victory complete;
 The shrouded body, to the soul's command,
 Answering with more than Indian fortitude,
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation!

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1558 to 1603.

ELIZABETH

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

HAIL, virgin queen! o'er many an envious bar
 Triumphant—snatched from many a treacherous
 wile!

All hail, sage lady, whom a grateful isle,
 Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war
 Stilled by thy voice! But quickly from afar
 Defiance breathes with more malignant aim;
 And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim
 Portentous fellowship. Her silver car

222 IN PRAISE OF THE QUEEN

By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on ;
 Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint
 Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright !
 For, wheresoe'er she moves, the clouds anon
 Disperse ; or, under a divine constraint,
 Reflect some portion of her glorious light !

IN PRAISE OF THE QUEEN

BY EDMUND SPENSER

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
 Unto the presence of that gracious Queene ;
 Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
 And might of all men royally be seene,
 Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
 Adornèd all with gemmes of endless price,
 As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
 Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device
 And all embost with Lyons and with flourdelice.

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
 Not of rich tissey, nor of cloth of gold,
 Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
 But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her brode spreading wings did wyde unfold ;
 Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny
 beams,
 Glistening like gold amongst the plights enrolld,
 And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
 'Mongst which crept little angels through the glitter-
 ing gleames.

Seemèd those little angels did uphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
 Did beare the pendants through their nimbleesse
 bold ;
 Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
 Hymnes to High God, and carols heavenly things,

Encompassèd the throne on which she sate,—
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state ;
Whylst kings and kesars at her feet did them
prostrate.

Thus she did sit in soverayne majestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which High God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand :
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand ;
Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dis-
mayde.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. (AUGUST 24,
1572)

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE night is come, no fears disturb
The dreams of innocence ;
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
They sleep—alas ! they sleep !

Go to the palace wouldst thou know
How hideous night can be ;
Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
Nor heart at quiet there.

The monarch from the window leans,
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh, he has hell within him now !

God, always art thou just !

For innocence can never know such pangs

As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad and all is still.

Hark !—now the midnight bell

Sounds through the silence of the night alone ;

And now the signal gun !

Thy hand is on him, righteous God !

He hears the frantic shriek,

He hears the glorying yells of massacre,

And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,

He hears the groan of death ;

In vain they fly,—soldiers defenceless now,

Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God !

For at his dying hour

Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear

He heard that murderous yell !

They throng'd around his midnight couch

The phantoms of the slain,—

It preyed like poison on his powers of life,—

Righteous art thou, O God !

Spirits who suffered at that hour

For freedom and for faith,

Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,

Her faith and freedom crush'd.

And like a giant from his sleep

Ye saw when France awoke ;

Ye saw the people burst their double chain,

And ye had joy in heaven.

SIDNEY AT ZUTPHEN (1586)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

WHERE Guelderland outspreads
Her green wide water-meads
Laced by the silver of the parted Rhine ;
Where round the horizon low
The waving mill-sails go,
And poplar avenues stretch their pillar'd line ;
That morn a clinging mist uncurl'd
Its folds o'er South-Fen town, and blotted out the
world.

There, as the grey dawn broke,
Cloked by that ghost-white cloke,
The fifty knights of England sat in steel ;
Each man all ear, for eye
Could not his nearest spy ;
And in the mirk's dim hiding heart they feel,
—Feel more than hear,—the signal sound •
Of tramp and hoof and wheel, and guns that bruise
the ground.

—Sudden, the mist gathers up like a curtain, the
theatre clear ;
Stage of unequal conflict, and triumph purchased
too dear !
Half our best treasures of gallantry there, with
axe and with glaive,
One against ten,—what of that ?—We are ready
for glory or grave !
There, Spain and her thousands nearing, with level-
tongued weapons of war :— •
Ebro's swarthy sons, and the bands from Epirus
afar ;
Crescia, Gonzaga, Del Vasto,—world-famous names
of affright,

Veterans of iron and blood, unremorseful engines of fight :—

But ours were Norris and Essex and Stanley and Willoughby grim,

And the waning Dudley star, and the star that will never be dim,

Star of Philip the peerless,—and now at height of his noon,

Astrophel!—not for thyself but for England extinguish'd too soon !

Red walls of Zutphen behind ; before them, Spain in her might :—

Oh ! 'tis not war, but a game of heroic boyish delight !

For on, like a bolt-head of steel, go the fifty, dividing their way,

Through and over the brown mail-shirts,—Farnese's choicest array ;

Over and through and the curtel-axe flashes, the plumes in their pride

Sink like the larch to the hewer, a death-mown avenue wide :

While the foe in his stubbornness flanks them and bars them, with merciless aim

Shooting from musket and saker a scornful death-tongue of flame.

As in an autumn afar, the Six Hundred in Chersonese hew'd

Their road through a host, for their England and honour's sake wasting their blood,

Foolishness wiser than wisdom !—So these, since Azincourt morn,

First showing the world the calm open-eyed rashness of Englishmen born !

Foes ere the cloud went up, black, Norris and Stanley in one

Pledge iron hands and kiss swords, each his mate's,
in the face of the sun,
Warm with the generous wine of the battle ; and
Willoughby's might
To the turf bore Crescia, and lifted again,—knight
honouring knight ;
All in the hurry and turmoil :—where North, half-
booted and rough,
Launch'd on the struggle, and Sidney struck on-
ward, his cuisses thrown off,
Rash over-courage of poet and youth !—while the
memories, how
At the joust long syne she look'd on, as he triumph'd,
were hot on his brow,
“ Stella ! mine own, my own star ! ”—and he sighed :
—and towards him a flame
Shot its red signal ; a shriek ! and the viewless
messenger came ;
Found the unguarded gap, the approach left bare to
the prey,
Where through the limb to the life the death-stroke
shatter'd a way.

—Astrophel ! England's pride !
O stroke that, when he died,
Smote through the realm,—our best, our fairest
ta'en !
For now the wound accurst
Lights up death's fury-thirst ;—
Yet the allaying cup, in all that pain,
Untouch'd, untasted he gives o'er
To one who lay, and watch'd with eyes that craved
it more :—

“ Take it,” he said, “ 'tis thine ;
Thy need is more than mine ;— ”
And smiled as one who looks through death to life ;
—Then pass'd true heart and brave,

Leal from birth to grave,
 Beyond the precincts of earth's idle strife :—
 Starbright among God's stars above ;
 All Mortal passion still'd in that Eternal Love.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS (1542–1587)

BY HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

Born 1542.—Beheaded February 8, 1587

PART I

I LOOK'D far back into other years, and lo ! in bright
 array,
 I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
 It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
 And gardens, with their broad green walks, where
 soft the footstep falls ;
 And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow
 pass'd ;
 And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance
 cast.
 No sound of busy life was heard, save from the
 cloister dim,
 The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy
 hymn.
 And there five noble maidens sat, beneath the
 orchard trees,
 In that first budding spring of youth, when all its
 prospects please ;
 And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at
 vesper prayers,
 That Scotland knew no prouder names, held none
 more dear than theirs ;
 And little even the loveliest thought, before the
 Virgin's shrine,
 Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient
 Stuart line.

Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon ;
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng ;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry.
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head had passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands the first among his peers ;
And next the Guises, who so well Fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked Ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd ;
And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light.
Here Louis, Prince of Condé, wears his all-unconquered sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household word !
And there walks she of Medici—that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine !
The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make—
A milky way of stars that grace a glittering comet's wake ;

But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's
tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth is she, the new-made
bride !
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep
love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms
are but begun—
They lighted up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er
her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy
bespeak.
Ah ! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all
its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sun-
shine and its flowers ?

PART II

The scene was changed. It was a barque that
slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of
evening lay ;
And on its deck a lady sat who gazed with tearful
eyes
Upon the far-receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land
on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it
not her birth ;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and
of friends—
It was the land where she had found for all her
griefs—amends—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land
where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splen-
dours of a throne.

No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of
 France,
 The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of
 romance !
 The past was bright, like those dear hills so far
 behind her barque ;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous
 and dark !

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—" Adieu, fair
 France, to thee ! "
 The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the uncon-
 scious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and
 surly mood.
 And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holyrood
 Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the
 winds,
 That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's
 uncertain minds.
 The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek—her
 smile was sadder now—
 The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her
 brow ;
 And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the
 field,
 The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she
 could not wield.
 She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams
 of youth's brief day,
 And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the
 minstrel play
 The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay
 Navarre,
 The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant
 Chatelar.
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they sooth'd her
 into smiles,

They won her thought from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.

But hark ! the tramp of armed men, the Douglas' battle cry !

They come—they come—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye !

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain !

Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell !

“Now for my father's arm !” she said ; “my woman's heart, farewell !”

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle,

And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line :

“My lords ! my lords !” the captive said, “were I but once more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,

And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes !”

A red spot burned upon her cheek—stream'd her rich tresses down—

She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen withoût a crown.

PART III

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,

And the faithful of the land stood round their
smiling queen once more ;
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them
marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every
flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars, it dies away ;
And Mary's troops, and banners now, and courtiers
—where are they ?
Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and
undone.
O God ! to see what she has lost, and think what
guilt has won !
Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no lag-
gard's part ;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrows in
thy heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen
headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand that soon
must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through
the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched
the hearts of all ;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil
round her fell,
And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she
lov'd so well !
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom—
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering for
the tomb !
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so
brightly shone—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd
with every tone—

I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of
living gold—
I knew that bounding grace of step, that symmetry
of mould !
Even now I see her far away in that calm convent
aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her holy
smile—
Even now I see her bursting forth upon her bridal
morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !
Alas ! the change ! she placed her foot upon a triple
throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the block
alone !
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the
crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bowed !
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has
pass'd away ;
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of
clay !
The dog is moaning piteously ; and, as it gurgles
o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded
to the floor !
The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the heart-
blood of a queen—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth
hath seen—
Lapp'd by a dog ! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone ;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a
throne !

THE ARMADA

THE ARMADA, 1588

BY LORD MACAULAY

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;

I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's Isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;

And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall ;

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes ;

Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho !
scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants, draw
your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft
her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town.
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round, the horse came
spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they
sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY. (SEPTEMBER,
1588)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

Let them come, come never so proudly,
O'er the green waves as giants ride ;
Silver clarions menacing loudly,
" All the Spains " on their banners wide ;
High on deck of the gilded galleys
Our light sailers they scorn below :—
We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,
Till their flag hauls down to their foe !
For our oath we swear,
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death,—
God save Elizabeth !

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,
Lords and princes by Philip's favour ;—
We by birthright are noble born !
Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
Sons of Crecy and Flodden are we !
We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them,—
English boats on the English sea !
And our oath we swear,
By the name we bear,
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins, and Howard,
Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,
Hang like wasps by the flagships tower'd,
Sting their way through the thrice-piled
oak :—

Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvas wide !
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.
 For our oath we swear,
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

—Hath God risen in wrath and scatter'd ?
 Have his tempests smote them in scorn ?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tatter'd,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?
 We were as lions hungry for battle ;
 God has made our battle his own !
 God has scatter'd them, sunk, and shatter'd
 them :
 Give the glory to Him alone !
 While our oath we swear,
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death !
 God save Elizabeth !

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT (1588)

BY GERALD MASSEY

OUR second Richard Lion-Heart,
 In the days of great Queen Bess,
 He did this deed, he played this part,
 With true old nobleness ;
 And wrath heroic that was nursed
 To bear the fiercest battle-burst,
 When maddened foes should wreak their worst.

Signalled the English admiral,
 " Weigh or cut anchors." For
A Spanish fleet bore down, in all
 The majesty of war,
Athwart our tack for many a mile,
As there we lay off Florez Isle,
With crews half sick ; all tired of toil.

Eleven of our twelve ships escaped ;
 Sir Richard stood alone !
Though they were three-and-fifty sail—
 A hundred men to one—
The old Sea-Rover would not run,
So long as he had man or gun ;
But he could die when all was done.

" The devil's broken loose, my lads,
 In shape of Popish Spain ;
And we must sink him in the sea,
 Or hound him home again.
Now, you old War-dogs, show your paws !
Have at them tooth and nail and claws ! "

And then his long bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared ; the boatswain blew ;
 The grim sea-lions stand,
The death-fires lit in every eye,
 The burning match in hand ;
With mail of glorious intent
All hearts were clad ; and in they went,
A force that cut through where 'twas sent.

" Push home, my hardy pikemen,
 For we play a desperate part ;
To-day, my gunners, let them feel
 The pulse of England's heart !
They shall remember long that we
Once lived ; and think how shamefully
We shook them !—one to fifty-three."

With face of one who cheerily goes
To meet his doom that day,
Sir Richard sprang upon his foes ;
The foremost gave him way :
His round shot smashed them through and through,
At every flash white splinters flew :
And madder grew his fighting few.

They clasp the little ship *Revenge*,
As in the arms of fire ;
They run aboard her, six at once ;
Hearts beat, hot guns leap higher.
Through gory gaps the boarders swarm,
But still our English stay the storm,
The bulwark in their breast is firm.

Ship after ship, like broken waves
That wash up on a rock,
Those mighty galleons fall back foiled,
And shattered from the shock.
With fire she answers all her blows ;
Again, again in pieces strows
The girdle round her as they close.

Through all that night the great white storm
Of worlds in silence rolled ;
Sirius with green-azure sparkle,
Mars in ruddy gold :
Heaven looked with stillness terrible
Down on a fight most fierce and fell—
A sea transfigured into hell.

Some know not they are wounded till
'Tis slippery where they stand ;
Then each one tighter grips his steel
As 'twere Salvation's hand.
Grim faces glow through lurid night
With sweat of spirit shining bright :
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At daybreak the flame-picture fades
In blackness and in blood ;
There, after fifteen hours of fight,
The unconquered *Sea-King* stood
Defying all the powers of Spain :
Fifteen Armadas hurled in vain,
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

About that little bark *Revenge*,
The baffled Spaniards ride
At distance. Two of their good ships
Were sunken at her side ;
The rest lie round her in a ring,
As round the dying lion-king,
The dogs afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes are broken, powder spent,
Sails, masts to shivers blown ;
And with her dead and wounded crew
The ship was going down !
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep.
Then cried he, with a proud, pale lip,
" Ho ! Master Gunner, sink the ship !

" Make ready now, my mariners,
To go aloft with me,
That nothing to the Spaniard
May remain a victory.
They cannot take us, nor we yield :
So let us leave our battle-field,
Under the shelter of God's shield."

They had not heart to dare fulfil
The stern commander's word :
With swelling hearts, and welling eyes,
They carried him aboard

The Spaniard's ship ; and round him stand
The warriors of his wasted band :
Then said he, feeling death at hand,
" Here die I, Richard Grenville,
 With a joyful and quiet mind ;
I reach a soldier's end, I leave
 A soldier's fame behind,
Who for his queen and country fought,
For honour and religion wrought,
And died as a true soldier ought."

Earth never returned a worthier trust
 For hand of Heaven to take,
Since Arthur's sword, excalibur,
 Was cast into the lake,
And the king's grievous wounds were
And healed, by weeping queens, who
And bore him to a valley of rest.

Old heroes who could grandly do,
 As they could greatly dare ;
A vesture, very glorious,
 Their shining spirits wear,
Of noble deeds ! God give us grace,
That we may see such face to face,
In our great day that comes apace.

BERMUDAS

BY ANDREW MARVELL

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat, that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :

“What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate’s rage.
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice ;
With cedars chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon, He stores the land,
And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore ;
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel’s pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven’s vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.”

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
An holy and a cheerful note ;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

LINES ON SHAKESPEARE
(1564-1616)

BY BEN JONSON

THIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but have drawne his Wit
As well in Brasse, as he hath hit
His Face ; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in Brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

SONNET TO SHAKESPEARE

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

A VISION as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow ;
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trumpets that blow
To battle ; clamour in obscure retreats,
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets.
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw
O'er garden walls their intermingled sweets.
That vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone ;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

A CALL ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
(1552-1618)

AT YOUGHAL, COUNTY CORK

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT

"Ay, not at home, then, didst thou say?
—And prithee, hath he gone to court?"
"Nay; he hath sailed but yesterday,
With Edmund Spenser from this port.

"This Spenser, folks do say, hath writ,
Twelve cantos called 'The Faerie Queen.'
To seek for one to publish it,
They go—on a long voyage, I ween."

Ah! me! I came so far to see
This ruffed and plumèd cavalier—
He whom romance and history,
Alike to all the world make dear.

And I had some strange things to tell
Of our New World where he hath been;
And now they say—I marked them well—
They say the Master is not in!

The knaves speak not the truth, I see
Sir Walter at the window there
—That is the hat and sword, which he
In pictures hath been pleased to wear.

There hangs the very cloak whereon *
Elizabeth set foot. (But oh,
Young diplomat, as things have gone
Pity it is she soiled it so!)

And there—but look ! he's lost in smoke :
 (That weirdly charmed Virginia weed !)
 Make haste, bring anything ; his cloak—
 They save him with a shower, indeed !

Ay, lost in smoke. I linger where
 He walked his garden. Day is dim
 And death scents rise to the air
 From flowers that gave their breath to him.

There, with its thousand years of tombs
 The dark church glimmers where he prayed ;
 Here, with that high head shorn of plumes
 The tree he planted gave him shade.

That high head shorn of plumes ? Even so
 It stained the Tower when grey with grief !
 O tree he planted, as I go
 For him I tenderly take a leaf.

I have been dreaming here, they say,
 Of one dead knight forgot at court.
 —And yet he sailed but yesterday,
 With Edmund Spenser, from this port.

THE HOUSE OF STUART
KING JAMES I (1603–1625)
GUNPOWDER PLOT (1604)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart ; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power
Merciless act of sorrow infinite !
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When, gushing, copious as a thunder shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

EVEN SUCH IS TIME

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days ;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

KING CHARLES I (1625-1649)

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

SUCH is the contrast, which where'er we move,
 To the mind's eye religion doth present ;
 Now with her own deep quietness content ;
 Then, like the mountain, thundering from above
 Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove
 And the land's humblest comforts. Now her mood
 Recalls the transformation of the flood,
 Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,
 Earth cannot check. Oh, terrible excess
 Of headstrong will ! Can this be piety ?
 No—some fierce maniac hath usurped her name ;
 And scourges England struggling to be free :
 Her peace destroyed ! her hopes a wilderness !
 Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame !

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM
FATHERS (1620)

BY FELICIA HEMANS

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods, against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tost :

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and water o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,—
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea !
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim-band—
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod !
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God !

THE PRESBYTERIANS (1639)

BY SAEUEL BUTLER

That stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant.
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
With apostolic blows and knocks ;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be going on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended :
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this
And finding somewhat still amiss ;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick :
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way ;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipped God for spite,
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for ;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow ;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly ;

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL 253

Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge ;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL (1599-1658)

BY JOHN MILTON

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

STRAFFORD

BY ROBERT BROWNING

ACT I

SCENE I.—A HOUSE NEAR WHITEHALL.

HAMPDEN, HOLLIS, *the younger VANE*, RUDYARD,
FIENNES, *and many of the Presbyterian Party* :
LOUDON *and other Scots Commissioners* : *some*
seated, some standing beside a Table strewn over
with papers, etc.

Now by Heaven
 They may be cool that can, silent that can,
 Some have a gift that way : Wentworth is here—
 Here—and the King's safe closeted with him
 Ere this ! and when I think on all that's past
 Since that man left us—how his single arm
 Roll'd back the good of England, roll'd it back
 And set the woeful Past up in its place

A PURITAN.

Exalting Dagon where the Ark should be !

VANE.

. . . How that man has made firm the fickle King
 —Hampden, I will speak out ! —in aught he feared
 To venture on before ; taught Tyranny
 Her dismal trade, the use of all her tools,
 To ply the scourge yet screw the gag so close
 That strangled agony bleeds mute to death :
 —How he turns Ireland to a private stage
 For training infant villanies, new ways
 Of wringing treasure out of tears and gore,
 Unheard oppressions nourished in the dark
 To try how much Man's nature can endure
 —If he dies under it, what harm ? if not . . .

FIENNES.

Why, one more trick is added to the rest
 Worth a king's knowing.

RUDYARD.

And what Ireland bears
 England may learn to bear.

VANE.

How all this while
 That man has set himself to one dear task,
 The bringing Charles to relish more and more
 Power.

RUDYARD.

Power without law

Power and blood too

VANE.

Can I be still ?

HAMPDEN.

For that you should be still.

VANE.

O Hampden, then and now ! The year he left us
The People by its Parliament could wrest
The Bill of Rights from the reluctant King ;
And now, he'll find in an obscure small room
A stealthy gathering of great-hearted men
That take up England's cause : England is—here !

HAMPDEN.

And who despairs of England ?

RUDYARD.

That do I,
If Wentworth is to rule her. I am sick
To think her wretched masters, Hamilton.
The muckworm Cottington, the maniac Laud,
May yet be longed-for back again. I say
I do despair.

VANE.

And, Rudyard, I'll say this—
And, (*turning to the rest*) all true men say after me—
not loud !
But solemnly and as you'd say a prayer :
This Charles, who treads our England under foot,
Has just so much—it may be fear or craft—
As bids him pause at each fresh outrage ; friends,
He needs some sterner hand to grasp his own,
Some voice to ask, “ Why shrink ?—am I not by ? ”

A man that England loved for serving her,
 Found in his heart to say, "I know where
 The iron heel shall bruise her, for she leans
 Upon me when you trample." Witness, you!
 But inasmuch as life is hard to take
 From England. . .

MANY VOICES.

Go on, Vane! 'Tis well said, Vane!

VANE.

Who has not so forgotten Runnymede. . .

VOICES.

'Tis well and bravely spoken, Vane! Go on!

VANE.

There are some little signs of late she knows
 The ground no place for her! No place for her!
 When the King beckons—and beside him stands
 The same bad man once more, with the same smile
 And the same savage gesture. Now let England
 Make proof of us.

VOICES.

Strike him—The Renegade—
 Haman—Ahithophel—

HAMPDEN.

(*To the Scots*) Gentlemen of the North,
 It was not thus the night your claims were urged,
 And we pronounced the League and Covenant,
 Of Scotland to be England's cause as well!
 Vane, there, sate motionless the whole night through.

VANE.

Hampden

FIENNES.

Stay, Vane !

LOUDON.

Be patient, gallant Vane !

Mind how you counsel patience, Loudon ! you
Have still a Parliament, and a brave League
To back it ; you are free in Scotland still—
While we are brothers, (as these hands are knit
so let our hearts be !)—hope's for England yet !
But know you why this Wentworth comes ? to
quench
This faintest hope ? that he brings war with him ?
Know you this Wentworth ? What he dares ?

LOUDON.

Dear Vane, we know—'tis nothing new.

And what's new, then,
In calling for his life ? Why, Pym himself. . . .
You must have heard—ere Wentworth left our
cause
He would see Pym first ; there were many more
Strong on the people's side and friends of his,—
Eliot that's dead, Rudyard and Hampden here,
But Wentworth cared not for them ; only, Pym
He would see—Pym and he were sworn, they say
To live and die together—so, they met
At Greenwich : Wentworth, you are sure, was long,
Specious enough, the Devil's argument
Lost nothing in his lips ; he'd have Pym own
A patriot could not do a purer thing
Than follow in his track ; they two combined
Could put down England. Well, Pym heard him
out—

One glance—you know Pym's eye—one word was all :

“ You leave us, Wentworth : while your head is on I'll not leave you.”

ACT V

SCENE II. *The Tower. As STRAFFORD opens the door, PYM is discovered with HAMPDEN, VANE, etc. STRAFFORD falls back to the front of the stage : PYM follows slowly and confronts him. PYM, with HAMPDEN and VANE, confronts STRAFFORD, who is on the point of escape.*

PYM.

Have I done well ? Speak, England ! Whose great sake

I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, my future dark, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here—
Who walked in youth with me—loved me it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave,
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitter pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us,—but I
Would never leave him : I do leave him now .
I render up my charge (be witness, God !)
To England who imposed it ! I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be !
With ill effects—for I am but a man . . .
Still, I have done my best, my very best,
Not faltering for a moment ! I have done !

(*After a pause.*)

And that said, I will say—yes, I will say
I never loved but this man—David not
More Jonathan ! Even thus, I love him now :

And look for my chief portion in that world
 Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
 (Soon it may be. . . and yes. . . it will be soon :
 My mission over, I shall not live long ! —
 Aye. . . here I know I talk—and I will talk
 Of England—and her great reward—as all
 I look for there ; but in my inmost heart
 Believe I think of stealing quite away
 To walk once more with Wentworth—with my
 friend
 Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
 And Eliot shall not blame us ! Then indeed !
 This is no meeting, Wentworth ! Tears rise up
 Too hot. . . A thin mist—is it blood ?—enwraps
 The face I loved so. Then shall the meeting be !
 Then—then—then—I may kiss that hand, I know !

STRAFFORD.

(Walks calmly up to Pym, and offers his hand.)
 I have loved England too ; we'll meet then, Pym !
 As well to die ! Youth is the time—our youth,
 To think and to decide on a great course :
 Age with its action follows ; but 'tis dreary
 To have to alter one's whole life in age—
 The time past, the strength gone ! as well die now.
 I'd die as I have lived. . . too late to change !
 Best die. Then if there's any fault, it will
 Be smothered up : much best ! You'll be too busy
 With your hereafter, you will have achieved
 Too many triumphs to be always dwelling
 Upon my downfall, Pym. Poor little Laud !
 May dream his dream out of a perfect Church
 In some blind corner. And there's no one left.
(He glances on the KING.)
 I trust the King now wholly to you, Pym !
 And yet ! I know not. . . What if with this
 weakness . . .

260 MEDITATION OF LORD STRAFFORD

And I shall not be there. And he'll betray
His friends—if he has any—And he's false . . .
And loves the Queen, and O, my fate is nothing—
Nothing ! But not that awful head, not that !

* * * * *

PYM.

If England should declare her will to me—

STRAFFORD.

No—not for England, now—not for Heaven now. . .
See, Pym, for me ! my sake ; I kneel to you !
There. . . . I will thank you for the death . . .
my friend !

This is the meeting . . . you will send me proud
To my chill grave ! Dear Pym—I'll love you well !
Save him for me, and let me love you well !

PYM.

England—I am thine own ! Dost thou exact
That service ? I obey thee to the end !

STRAFFORD (*as he totters out*).

O God, I shall die first—I shall die first !

MEDITATION OF LORD STRAFFORD IN THE TOWER, (1593-1641)

ANONYMOUS

Go, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone
In sad, sweet silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height
Whose danger none can see aright
Whilst your false splendours dim the sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware
Some other worldly wight,

MEDITATION OF LORD STRAFFORD 261

And cheat him with your flattering light ;
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth, and power
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause ;
Let him not fear the curbing laws,
Nor king nor people's frown,
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing upwards, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite ;
And blind them both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad Night,
Grief's sole delight
Thy mourning best agrees
With Honour's funeral obsequies :
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much sunlight dimmed his eyes.

O were't our fate
To imitate
Those lights whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness !
Their course is one way bent :
Which is the cause there's no dissent
In Heaven's high Court of Parliament.

ON THE NEW FORCES OF CONSCIENCE
UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT, 1647

BY JOHN MILTON.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this abjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 To ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S., and Rutherford ?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What d'ye call :
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That so the Parliament may
 With their wholesome and preventive shears,
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

MARSTON MOOR (JULY 1, 1644)

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note
 is high !
 To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas, the big drum
 makes reply !
 Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant
 cavaliers,

And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter
on our ears.
To horse ! to horse ! Sir Nicholas ! White Guy is at
the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of
Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken
prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow
tower-stair ;
Oh ! many were the tears that those radiant eyes
had shed,
As she worked the bright word " Glory " in the gay
and glancing thread ;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those
beauteous features ran,
As she said : " It is your lady's gift ; unfurl it in
the van ! "

" It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and
boldest ride,
Thro' the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black
dragoons of Pride ;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier
qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt bravely on
their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers' shout, For God and
for the King ! "

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal
line
They fly, the braggarts of the court ! the bullies of
the Rhine !
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's
helm is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and
with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the
ght,
“The German boar had better far have supped in
York to-night.”

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a
gory stain ;
Yet still he waves the standard, and cries amid the
rout,
“For Church and King, fair gentlemen ! spur on,
and fight it out ! ”
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he
hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells
a knave.

God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! thou hast no
thought of fear ;
God speed to thee, Sir Nicholas ! but fearful odds
are here !
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow
and thrust,
“Down, down,” they cry, “with Belial ! down with
him to the dust ! ”
“I would,” quoth grim old Oliver, “that Belial's
trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord ! ”

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The grey-haired warden watches from the castle's
highest tower ;
“What news ? what news, old Anthony ? ”—“The
field is lost and won :
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath
the sun !

And a wounded man speeds hither—I'm old and
cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step
should be ! ”

“ I bring thee back the standard from as rude and
rough a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for
minstrel's lay !
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quan-
tum suff.* ;
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and
buff—
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is
breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and
faithful wife.

“ Sweet ! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a
ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's
mischance :
Or if the worst betide me, why better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a
pope !
Alas ! alas ! my gallant Guy !—out on the crop-
eared boor
That sent me, with my standard, on foot from
Marston Moor ! ”

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY (JUNE 14, 1645)

BY LORD MACAULAY

OH ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the
North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment
all red ?

266 THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which
ye tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we
trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and
the strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their
cuirasses shine,

And the Man of Blood was there with his long
essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his
sword,

The general rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled
into a shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the
shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the
Laws !

For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
his drums,

His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes,
close your ranks,

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to
fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken,
We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the
blast.

O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the
right!

Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to
the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound, the centre hath given
ground:

Hark! hark!—what means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God,
'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a
row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on
the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to
hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple
Bar:

And he—he turns, he flies : shame on those cruel
eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on
war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain, and, ere ye strip the
slain,

First give another stab to make your search
secure,

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the
poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day ;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in
the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the
prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven
and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades ;

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your
oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-
monds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the
crown,

With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of
the Pope ;

There is woe in Oxford halls : there is wail in
Durham's stalls :

The Jesuit smites his bosom : the bishop rends
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's
ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword ;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when
they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.

CAVALIER TUNES

BY ROBERT BROWNING

I. MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
parles !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—
CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this
song !

III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazlerig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this
 song ?

IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this
 song !

II. GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles !

Who gave me the goods that went since ?
 Who raised me the house that sank once ?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since ?
 Who found me in wine you drank once ?

CHORUS.—King Charles, and who'll do him right
 now ?

King Charles, and who's ripe for fight
 now ?

Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite
 now,
 King Charles !

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him ?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

CHORUS.—King Charles, and who'll do him right
now ?
King Charles, and whose ripe for fight
now ?
Give a rouse : here's, in hell's despite
now,
King Charles !

III. BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

(Chorus)—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
“ God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

(Chorus)—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
Who laughs, “ Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

(Chorus)—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”*

Who ? My wife Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, “ Nay !
I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?

(Chorus)—*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ! ”*

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

BY RICHARD LOVELACE

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, (like committed linnets,) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

THE FUGITIVE KING (AUGUST 7, 1645)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

COLD gray cloud on the hill-tops,
Cold buffets of hill-side rain :—
As a bird that they hunt on the mountains,
The king, he turns from Rhôs lane :
A writing of doom on his forehead,
His eyes wan-wistful and dim ;
For his comrades seeking a shelter :
But earth has no shelter for him !

Gray silvery gleam of armour,
White ghost of a wandering king !
No sound but the iron-shod footfall
And the bridle-chains as they ring :
Save where the tears of heaven,
Shed thick o'er the loyal hills,
Rush down in a hoarse-tongued torrent
A roar of approaching ills.

But now with a sweeping curtain,
In a solid wall comes the rain,
And the troop draw bridle and hide them
In the Bush by the stream-side plain.
King Charles smiled sadly and gently ;
“ 'Tis the Beggar's Bush,” said he ;
“ For I of England am beggar'd,
And her beggars may pity me.”

—O safe in the fadeless fir-tree
The squirrel may nestle and hide ;
And in God's own dwelling the sparrow
Safe with her nestlings abide :—
But he goes homeless and friendless,
And manlike abides his doom ;
For he knows a king has no refuge
Betwixt the throne and the tomb.

And the purple-robed braes of Alban,
 The glory of stream and of plain,
 The Holyrood halls of his birthright
 Charles ne'er will look on again :—
 And the land he loved well, not wisely,
 Will almost grudge him a grave :
 Then weep, too late, in her folly,
 The dark Dictator's slave !

TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST (1649)

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ACT III. SCENE I

Westminster Hall fitted up for the KING's Trial.
 BRADSHAW, seated as President ; CROMWELL,
 IRETON, HARRISON, DOWNES, MARTEN, TICH-
 BURNE, and other Judges on benches ; COOK and
 other Lawyers, Clerks, etc., at a table ; a chair of
 State for the KING on one side ; the QUEEN,
 veiled, and other Ladies in a gallery behind ;
 the whole stage filled with Guards, Spectators,
 etc. etc.

BRAD. Hath every name been called ? And
 every Judge
 Appeared at the high summons ?

CLERK. Good my Lord,
 Each one hath answered.

IRE (to Cromwell). The Lord-General
 Is wanting still.

CROM. The better.

IRE. How ?

CROM. Fair son,
 We have enow of work—Doth not yon cry
 Announce the prisoner ?—enow of work
 For one brief day without him—Downes sit here

Beside me, man.—We lack not waverers ;
Men whose long doubts would hold from rosy dawn
To the slow lighting of the evening star
In the clear heaven of June. Of such as they
One were too many. How say'st thou, good Downes ?

Dow. Even as thou say'st.

CROM. Yet 'tis a valiant General,
A godly and a valiant. Ha ! the prisoner !

*Enter the KING, attended by HERBERT and other
Servants, Hacker and guards.*

*The Soldiers etc., as the KING walks to his chair,
cry "Justice ! Justice !"*

CRUER. Peace ! silence in the court !

BRAD. Ye shall have justice.

My Lords Commissioners, whilst I stood pausing
How fittest to disclose our mighty plea,
Dallying with phrase and form, yon eager cry
Shot like an arrow to the mark, laying bare
The very core of our intent. Sirs, we
Are met to render justice, met to judge
In such a cause as scarce the lucent sun
That smiles upon us from his throne hath seen
Since light was born. We sit to judge a king
Arraigned by his own people ; to make inquest
Into the innocent blood which hath been spilled
Like water ; into crime and tyranny,
Treason and murder. Look that we be pure,
My brethren ! that we cast from out our hearts
All blinding passions : Fear that blinks and trembles
At shadows ere they come ; Pride that walks
dazzled

In the light of her vain-glory ; feeble Pity,
Whose sight is quenched in tears ; and grim Revenge,
Her fierce eyes sealed with gore. Look that we
chase

Each frail affection, each fond hidden sin,

276 TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST

Each meaner virtue from our hearts, and cling
To Justice, only Justice. Now for thee,
Charles Stuart, King of England. Thou art here
To render compt of awful crime, of treason,
Conspiracy and murder. Answer !

COOK. First

May it please you hear the charge ?

KING. Stop ! Who are ye
That dare to question me ?

BRAD. Thy judges.

KING. Say
My subjects. I am a king whom none may judge
On earth. Who sent ye here ?

BRAD. The Commons.

KING. What !
Be there no traitors, no conspirators
No murderers save kings, that they dare call
Stern justice down from Heaven ? Sir, I fling
back

The charge upon their heads, the guilt, the shame,
The eternal infamy, on them who sowed
The tares of hate in fields of love ; who armed
Brother 'gainst brother, breaking the sweet peace
Of country innocence, the holy ties
Of nature breaking, making war accurst
As that Egyptian plague the worst and last,
When the First-born were slain. I have no answer
For them or ye. I know ye not.

BRAD. Be warned ; Plead to the accusation.

KING. I will die
A thousand deaths, rather than by my breath
Give life to this new court against the laws
And liberties of England.

BRAD. Sir, we know
Your love of liberty and England. Call
The witnesses. Be they in court ?
Your speech and deeds but ill accord, else had you
not been called the Tyrant King.

TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST 277

KING. Now, by my dearest hopes you say false slander.

I love my people and would have them free; let liberty like crystal daylight enter and fill each home, illumine each path, till the king's body-guard when he goes forth, on either hand be love and loyalty.

BRAD. Sir, we know
Your love of liberty and England. Call
The witnesses. Be they in court?

COOK. They wait
Without.

BRAD. Send for them quickly. Once again,
King wilt thou plead?

KING. Thou hast my answer. Never!

(A pause of a few moments, during which the head of the king's staff on which he was leaning falls and rolls across the stage.)

MAR. *(to Ireton)*. What fell? The breathless
silence of this vast
And crowded court gives to each common sound
A startling clearness. What hath fallen?

IRE. The head
Of the king's staff. See how it spins and bounds
Along the floor, as hurrying to forsake
The royal wretch, its master. Now it stops
At Cromwell's feet—direct at Cromwell's feet.

CROM. The toy is broken.

HAB. What is the device?
Some vain idolatrous image?

CROM. No, a crown,
A gilded crown, a hollow glittering crown,
Shaped by some quaint and cunning goldsmith.
Look

On what a reed he leans, who props himself
On such a bauble.

278 TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST

Dow. It rolled straight to thee ;—
If thou wast superstitious—

CROM. Pass the toy
On to the prisoner ! He hath faith in omens.
I—fling him back his gewgaw !

KING. It were better—*that*—than on a sword,
stained with a true man's blood ; on graves
where orphans weep, their very tears changed
into ink to write the record there (*points
upward*) before it meets its doom (*to Cromwell*).
See there ! the crown is fairly in thy grasp ;
you stooped for it.

CROM. Pass the toy
On to the prisoner ! he hath faith in omens—
I—fling him back his gewgaw !

(*Downes hands it to one of the king's attendants.*)

BRAD. Master Cook,
We wait too long.

COOK. My Lord the witnesses—

BRAD. Call any man. Within our bleeding land
There lives not one so blest in ignorance
As not to know this treason ; none so high
But the storm overtopped him ; none so low
But the wind stooped to root him up. Call any man,
The judge upon the bench, the halberdier
That guards the door.

COOK. Oliver Cromwell !

CROM. Aye ?

COOK. Lieut-General Cromwell, wast thou pre-
sent

In the great fight of Naseby ?

CROM. Was I present !

Why I think ye know that. I was.

COOK. Didst see
The prisoner in the battle ?

CROM. Many times.

He led his army, in a better cause
I should have said right gallantly. I saw him
First in the onset, last in the retreat.
That justice let me pay the king.

BRAD. Raised he
His banner 'gainst his people? Didst thou see
The royal standard in the field?

CROM. My lord,
It rose full in the centre of their host,
Floating upon the heavy air.

COOK. The arms
Of England?

CROM. Aye, the very lion shield
That waved at Creçy and at Agincourt
Triumphant. None may better know than I,
For it so pleased the Ruler of the Field,
The Almighty King of Battles, that my arm
Struck down the standard bearer and restored
The English lion to the lion hearts
Of England.

COOK. Please you, sir, retire. Now summon—

(Cromwell resumes his seat.)

KING. Call not another. What I have done
boldly,
In the face of day and of the nation, that
Nothing repenting, nothing derogating
From the king's high prerogative, as boldly
As freely I avow—to you—to all men.
I own ye not as judges. Ye have power,
As pirates or land robbers, o'er the wretch
Entrapped within their den, a power to mock
Your victim with a form of trial, to dress
Plain murder in a mask of law. As judges
I know ye not.

BRAD. Enough that you confess
The treason—

280 TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST

KING. Stop ! Sir, I appeal to them
Whence you derive your power.

BRAD. The people ? King,
Thou seest them here in us.

KING. Oh that my voice
Could reach my loyal people ! That the winds
Could waft the echoes of this groined roof,
So that each corner of the land might hear
Their rightful monarch's cry. Then should ye
hear

From the universal nation, town and plain,
Forest and village, the stern awful shout
Of just deliverance, mighty and prolonged,
Deafening the earth and piercing heaven, and
smiting

Each guilty conscience with such fear as waits
On the great Judgment Day The wish is vain—
Ah ! vainer than a dream ! I and my people
Are over-mastered. Yet, sir, I demand
A conference with their masters. Tell the Commons
The king would speak with them.

BRAD. We have no power
To stay the trial.

Dow. Nay, good my lord ; perchance
The king would yield such reason as might move
The Commons to renew the treaty. Best
Confer with them.

CROM. (*to Downes*). Art mad ?

Dow. 'Tis ye are mad,
That urge with a remorseless haste this work
Of savage butchery onwards. I was mad
That joined ye.

CROM. This is sudden.

Dow. He's our king.

CROM. 'Our king ! Have we not faced him on
the field

A thousand times ! Our king !

Why I have seen thyself

Hewing through mailed battalia till thy sword
And thy good arm were dyed in gore to reach
Yon man. Didst mean to save him? [*Aloud*]

Why do ye pause?

COOK. My high
And honouring task to plead at this great bar
For lawful liberty
Were needless now and vain. The haughty prisoner
Denies your jurisdiction. I call on ye
For instant judgment.

BRAD. All ye who deem
Charles Stuart guilty, rise!

(The Judges all stand up.)

KING. What, all!

BRAD. Not one
Is wanting. Clerk, record him guilty.

COOK. Now
The sentence!

KING. Now speak your doom, and quickly.

BRAD. Death.
Thou art adjudged to die. Sirs, do ye
Accord in this just sentence?

(The Judges all stand up.)

KING. I am ready.
To a grey head, aching with royal cares,
The block is a kindly pillow. Yet once more——

BRAD. Silence. The sentence is pronounced;
the time
Is past. Conduct him from the court.

KING. Not hear me!
Me, your anointed king! Look ye what justice
A meaner man may hope for.

CROM. Why refuse
His death-speech to a prisoner? Whoso knoweth
What weight hangs on his soul? Speak on and
fear not.

282 TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST

KING. Fear! Let the guilty fear.

As I lift up
This sword, miscalled of Justice, my clear voice
Hoarsens nor falters not. See, I can smile
As, thinking on the axe, I draw the bright
Keen edge across my hand, Fear! Would ye ask
What weight is on my soul? I tell ye none,
Save that I yielded once to your decree
And slew my faithfulest. Oh, Strafford! Strafford!
This is retribution!

BRAD. Better weep
Thy sins than one just holy act.

KING. For ye
My subject-judges, I could weep: for thee,
Beloved and lovely country. Thou wilt groan
Under the tyrant many till some bold
And crafty soldier (*looking at Cromwell*) shall
come
And climb the vacant throne, and fix him there
A more than king. Cromwell, if such thou know'st,
Tell him the rack would prove an easier couch
Than he shall find that throne; tell him the crown
On an usurper's brow will scorch and burn
As though the diamonded and ermined round
Were framed of glowing steel.

CROM. Hath His dread wrath
Smitten thee with frenzy?

KING. Tell him, for thou knowest him,
That doubt and discord like fell harpies wait
Around the Usurper's board by night. By day,
Beneath the palace roof, fear shall appal
And danger threaten, and all natural loves
Wither and die, till on his dying bed,
Old 'fore his time, the wretched traitor lies
Heart-broken. Then—for well thou know'st him,
Cromwell,
Bid him to think on me, and how I fell
Hewn in my strength and prime, like a proud oak,

The tallest of the forest, that but shivers
His glorious tops and dies. Oh ! thou shalt envy,
In thy long agony, my fall, that shakes
A kingdom but not me.

CROM. He is possessed !

KING. Why so ? Ye are warned. On to my
prison, sirs !

ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE

ATTRIBUTED TO CHARLES I

CLOSE thine eyes and sleep secure ;
Thy soul is safe, thy body pure.
He that guards thee, He that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest :
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sings.
Then close thy eyes and sleep secure.

THE COMMONWEALTH (1649-1660)

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE (1650)

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

COME hither, Evan Cameron !

Come, stand beside my knee—

I hear the river roaring down

Towards the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side

• There's war within the blast—

Old faces look upon me,

Old forms go trooping past :

I hear the pibroch wailing

Amidst the din of fight,

And my dim spirit wakes again

Upon the verge of night.

284 THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

'Twas I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore.
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the great Marquis died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ;
 O deed of deathless shame !
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side,
 Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by armed men—
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown ;
 Remember of what blood thou art,
 And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen span,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man.
 They set him high upon a cart—
 The hangman rode below—
 They drew his hands behind his back,
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash
 They cheered the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.

But when he came, though pale and wan,
 He looked so great and high,
 So noble was his manly front,
 So calm his steadfast eye ;—
 The rabble rout forbore to shout,
 And each man held his breath,
 For well they knew the hero's soul
 Was face to face with death.
 And then a mournful shudder
 Through all the people crept,
 And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,
 In silence and in gloom,
 The dreary pageant laboured,
 Till it reached the house of doom.
 Then first a woman's voice was heard
 In jeer and laughter loud,
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose
 From the heart of the tossing crowd :
 Then as the Græme looked upwards,
 He met the ugly smile
 Of him who sold his king for gold—
 The master-fiend Argyle !

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 “ Back, coward, from thy place !
 For seven long years thou hast not dared
 To look him in the face.”

Had I been there with sword in hand,
 And fifty Camerons by,
 That day through high Dunedin's streets
 Had pealed the slogan-cry.

Not all their troops of trampling horse,
 Nor might of mailed men—
 Not all the rebels of the south
 Had borne us backwards then !
 Once more his foot on Highland heath
 Had trod as free as air,
 Or I, and all who bore my name,
 Been laid around him there !

It might not be. They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors filled the place
 Where good men sate before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun
 To read the murderous doom ;
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room.

“ Now, by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew’s cross
 That waves above us there—
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
 And oh, that such should be !—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies ’twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day
 To win the martyr’s crown !

“ There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,

But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father's grave.
 For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
 This hand hath always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower—
 Give every town a limb—
 And He who made shall gather them :
 I go from you to Him ! ”

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder and the tree !
 Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 He is coming ! he is coming !
 God's mercy on his soul !
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

He is coming ! he is coming !
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die :
 There was colour in his visage,
 Though the cheeks of all were wan,
 And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
 That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
 And he turned him to the crowd ;
 But they dared not trust the people,
 So he might not speak aloud.
 But he looked upon the heavens,
 And they were clear and blue,
 And in the liquid ether
 The eye of God shone through !
 Yet a black and murky battlement
 Lay resting on the hill,
 As though the thunder slept within—
 All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent the knee :
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
 Beneath the gallows-tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away :
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound, .
 A hush and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky—
 The work of death was done !

MELTING OF THE EARL'S PLATE
(1650)

BY GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

HERE's the gold cup all bossy with satyrs and saints,
And my race-bowl (now, women, no whining and
 plaints !)

From the paltriest spoon to the costliest thing,
We'll melt it all down for the use of the king.

Here's the chalice stamp'd over with sigil and
 cross,—

Some day we'll make up to the chapel the loss.
Now bring me my father's great emerald ring,
For I'll melt down the gold for the good of the king.

And bring me the casket my mother has got,
And the jewels that fall to my Barbara's lot ;
Then dry up your eyes and do nothing but sing,
For we're helping to coin the gold for the king.

This dross we'll transmute into weapons of steel,
Temper'd blades for the hand, sharpest spurs for
 the heel ;

And when Charles, with a shout, into London we
 bring,

We'll be glad to remember this deed for the king.

Bring the hawk's silver bells and the nursery spoon,
The crucible's ready—we're nothing too soon ;
For I hear the horse neigh that shall carry the thing
That'll bring up a smile in the eyes of the king.

There go my old spurs, and the old silver-jug,—
'Twas just for a moment a pang and a tug ;
But now I am ready to dance and to sing,
To think I've thrown gold in the chest of my king.

The earrings lose shape, and the coronet too,
 I feel my eyes dim with a sort of a dew.
 Hurrah for the posset dish !—Everything
 Shall run into bars for the use of the king.

That spoon is a sword, and this thimble a pike ;
 It's but a week's garret in London belike—
 Then a dash at Whitehall, and the city shall ring
 With the shouts of the multitude bringing the king.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

BY ANDREW MARVELL

THE forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing :

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armour's rust ;
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urgèd his active star ;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide :

(For, 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous, or enemy ;
 And with such, to enclose,
 Is more than to oppose ;)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot ;)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old,
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain ;
(But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.)

Nature that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn ;
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try :

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power ;
So, when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents ;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs ;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt :
So, when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climactèric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But, from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid ;

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect ;

294 ON BLAKE'S VICTORY OVER SPANIARDS

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE OVER THE SPANIARDS IN THE BAY OF SANTA CRUZ (1657)

(Abridged)

BY ANDREW MARVELL

Now does Spain's fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new world, and hastens for the old.

For Santa Cruz the glad fleet takes her way ;
And safely there casts anchor in the bay.

Never so many, with one joyful cry,
That place saluted, where they all must die.

Deluded men ! Fate with you did but sport,
You 'scaped the sea, to perish in your port.

'Twas more for England's fame you should die there,
Where you had most of strength and least of fear,
The Peak's proud height the Spaniards all admire,
Yet in their breasts carry a pride much higher.

Only to this vast hill a power is given,
At once both to inhabit earth and heaven.

But this stupendous prospect did not near
Make them admire, so much as they did fear.

For here they met with news, which did produce
A grief, above the cure of grape's best juice.

They learned with terror, that nor summer's heat,
Nor winter's storms, had made your fleet retreat.

To fight against such foes was vain, they knew,
Which did the rage of elements subdue,

Who on the ocean, that does horror give
To all beside, triumphantly do live.

With haste they therefore all their galleons moor,
And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore ;

ON BLAKE'S VICTORY OVER SPANIARDS 295

Forts, lines, and sconces, all the bay along,
They build, and act all that can make them strong.

Fond men ! who know not whilst such works they
raise,

They only labour to exalt your praise.

Yet they by restless toil became at length
So proud and confident of their made strength,
That they with joy their boasting general heard
Wish then for that assault he lately feared.

His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,
With wingèd speed, for Santa Cruz does make.

For your renown, the conquering fleet does ride
O'er seas as vast as is the Spaniard's pride.

Whose fleet and trenches viewed, he soon did say,
We to their strength are more obliged than they ;
Were't not for that, they from their fate would run,
And a third world seek out, our arms to shun.

Those forts, which there so high and strong appear,
Do not so much suppress, as show their fear.

Of speedy victory let no man doubt,

Our worst work's past, now we have found them out.

Behold their navy does at anchor lie,

And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole fleet gave it their applause,
And all assumes your courage, in your cause.

That bay they enter, which unto them owes

The noblest wreaths that victory bestows :

Bold Stayner leads ; this fleet's designed by fate
To give him laurel, as the last did plate.

The thundering cannon now begins the fight,

And, though it be at noon, creates a night ;

The air was soon, after the fight begun,

Far more enflamed by it than by the sun.

Never so burning was that climate known ;

War turned the temperature to the torrid zone.

Fate these two fleets, between both worlds, had
brought,

Who fight as if for both those worlds they fought.

Thousands of ways, thousands of men there die,
 Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the sky.
 Nature ne'er made cedars so high aspire
 As oaks did then, urged by the active fire
 Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent
 That it returned to its own element.
 Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,
 Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lie ;
 Scarce souls from bodies severed are so far
 By death, as bodies there were by the war.
 The all-seeing sun ne'er gazed on such a sight ;
 Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,
 And neither have or power, or will, to fly ;
 There one must conquer, or there both must die.
 Far different motives yet engaged them thus,
 Necessity did them, but choice did us,
 A choice which did the highest worth express,
 And was attended by as high success ;
 For your resistless genius there did reign,
 By which we laurels reaped e'en on the main.
 So prosperous stars, though absent to the sense,
 Bless those they shine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
 And o'er two elements triumphs at once.
 Their galleons sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
 The only place where it can cause no ill.

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,
 Victorious Blake does from the bay retire.
 His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
 And there first brings of his success the news :
 The saddest news that e'er to Spain was brought,
 Their rich fleet sunk, and ours with laurel fraught ;
 Whilst Fame in every place her trumpet blows,
 And tells the world how much to you it owes.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER
CROMWELL (1658)

(Abridged)

BY JOHN DRYDEN

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone ;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so ;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

He, private, marked the fault of others' sway,
And set as sea-marks for himself to shun :
Not like rash monarchs who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design ;
We owe that blessing, not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join ;
Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend :
He had his calmer influence and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsafed a peace,
Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
 Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
 Each knew that side must conquer he would own:
 And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

He made us freemen of the continent,
 Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
 To nobler preys the English lion sent,
 And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
 His name a great example stands, to show
 How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
 Where piety and valour jointly go.

KING CHARLES II (1660–1685)

CHARLES THE SECOND

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Who comes with rapture greeted, and caressed
 With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?
 Him virtue's nurse, adversity, in vain
 Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
 For all she taught of hardest and of best,
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,
 Or is remembered only to give zest
 To wantonness.—Away, Circean revels!
 Already stands our country on the brink
 Of bigot rage, that all distinction levels
 Of truth and falsehood, swallowing the good name,
 And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery,
 shame,
 By poets loathed; from which historians shrink!

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal la la la la la la,
Conversion to his enemies,
With a fal lal la la la la la.
And he that will not pledge this health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.
With a fal lal la la la la la la la,
With a fal lal la la la la la.

THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON,
(1665-1666)

BY ERNEST PERTWEE

Oh year of Deathless Horror ! year when Fate
Foredoom'd that Pestilence should devastate
Fair London-City : all its streets grass-grown,
Its marts all silent and its Nobles flown.

Flown ? aye ! All that could did flee
From that grim spectre that so ruthlessly
Whispered its summons, to or rich or poor
And set the " red cross " sign upon each door.

No hope by day ! The terrors of the night
Made ampler by the glare of funeral light,
The flaring links that sped the corpse-fed cart,
The bell that knelled love's death within the heart.

'Tis said that rising in their burial shroud,
The ghosts of stricken ones shrieked out aloud,
Haunting the purlieus of their hideous tomb
The while delirious life rushed on to Doom.

The suffocation of the Summer came
To spread contagion : whilst God's sword of flame
Hung o'er the city—through which far and wide
Famine and Pestilence stalked side by side.

THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL (1679)

OLD BALLAD

YOU'LL marvel when I tell ye o'
 Our noble Burly and his train,
 When last he marched up through the land,
 Wi' sax-and-twenty Westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
 For they had a' baith wit and skill;
 They proved right well, as I heard tell,
 As they cam' up owre Loudon Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
 That are into the west countrie,
 Aye wicked Claver'se to demean,
 And aye an ill-deid may he dee!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
 An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
 But they wha live till simmer come,
 Some bluidy days for this will see.

But up spak' cruel Claver'se, then,
 Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
 "Gae fire on yon Westlan' men;
 I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his Cornet, then,
 "It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
 I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
 An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
 But wha is worthy other three;
 There is na ane amang them a'
 That in his cause will stap to dee.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
 He's a man of honour, birth, and fame;
 Gie him a sword into his hand,
 He'll fight thysell an' other ten."

THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL 301

But up spak' wicked Claver'se, then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie !
And he has cried that a' might hear,
" Man, ye hae sair deceivèd me.

" I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I cam' frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his Cornet then,
" Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysell shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudon Hill.

" At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me ;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank ;
I wat he had a bonny train !
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenly !
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' Westland men,
Wha mair than either aince or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down ;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE OLD CAVALIER

BY SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

“For our martyred Charles I pawned my plate,
For his son I spent my all,
That a churl might dine, and drink my wine,
And preach in my father’s hall :
That father died on Marston Moor,
My son on Worcester plain ;
But the king he turn’d his back on me
When he got his own again.

“The other day, there came, God wot !
A solemn, pompous ass,
Who begged to know if I did not go
To the sacrifice of mass :
I told him fairly to his face,
That in the field of fight
I had shouted loud for church and king,
When he would have run outright.

“He talked of the Man of Babylon
With his rosaries and copes,
As if a Roundhead wasn’t worse
Than half a hundred Popes.
I don’t know what the people mean,
With their horror and affright ;
All Papists that I ever knew
Fought stoutly for the right.

“I now am poor and lonely,
This cloak is worn and old,
But yet it warms my loyal heart,
Through sleet, and rain, and cold,
When I call to mind the Cavaliers,
Bold Rupert at their head,
Bursting through blood and fire, with cries
That might have waked the dead.

- “ Then spur and sword was the battle word,
And we made their helmets ring,
Howling, like madmen, all the while,
For God and for the king.
And though they snuffed psalms, to give
The Rebel-dogs their due,
When the roaring-shot poured close and hot
They were stalwart men and true.
- “ On the fatal field of Naseby,
Where Rupert lost the day
By hanging on the flying crowd
Like a lion on his prey,
I stood and fought it out, until,
In spite of plate and steel,
The blood that left my veins that day,
Flow'd up above my heel.
- “ And certainly, it made those quail
Who never quailed before,
To look upon the awful front
Which Cromwell's horsemen wore.
I felt that every hope was gone,
When I saw their squadrons form
And gather for the final charge,
Like the coming of the storm.
- “ Oh ! where was Rupert in that hour
Of danger, toil, and strife ?
It would have been to all brave men,
Worth a hundred years of life
To have seen that black and gloomy force,
As it poured down in line,
Met midway by the Royal horse
And Rupert of the Rhine.
- “ All this is over now, and I
Must travel to the tomb,
Though the king I serv'd has got his own,
In poverty and gloom.

Well, well, I serv'd him for himself,
 So I must not now complain,
 But I often wish that I had died
 With my son on Worcester plain."

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II

BY THE EARL OF ROCHESTER

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on,
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

KING JAMES II (1685-1688)

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN (1688)

BY ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKE

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
 A merry heart and true !
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.
 And have they fixed the where and when ?
 And shall Trelawny die ?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why !
 Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 " If London Tower were Michael's hold
 We'll set Trelawny free !
 " We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is no stay,—
 With one and all, and hand in hand,
 And who shall bid us nay ?

“ And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all !
Here’s men as good as you.

“ Trelawny he’s in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die ;
But here’s twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why ! ”

THE BALLAD OF KING MONMOUTH (1685)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

*Fear not, my child, though the days be dark,
Never fear, he will come again,
With the long brown hair, and the banner blue,
King Monmouth and all his men !*

The summer-smiling bay
Has doff’d its vernal grey ;
A peacock breast of emerald shot with blue :
Is it peace or war that lands
On these grey quiet sands,
As round the pier the boats run-in their silent crew ?

Bent knee, and forehead bare ;
That moment was for prayer !
Then swords leap out, and—Monmouth !—is
the cry :
The crumbling cliff o’erpast,
The hazard die is cast,
’Tis James ’gainst James in arms ! Soho ! and
Liberty !

—*Fear not, my child, though he come with few ;
Alone will he come again ;
God with him, and his right hand more strong
Than a thousand thousand men !*

308 BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

And we clasped the hands of kinsmen

And we swore to do or die !

Then our leader rode before us

On his war-horse black as night—

Well the Cameronian rebels

Knew that charger in the fight !

And a cry of exultation

From the bearded warriors rose ;

For we loved the house of Claver'se,

And we thought of good Montrose.

But he raised his hand for silence—

“ Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow .

Ere the evening-star shall glisten

On Schehallion's lofty brow,

Either we shall rest in triumph,

Or another of the Græmes

Shall have died in battle-harness

For his country and King James !

Think upon the Royal Martyr—

Think of what his race endure—

Think on him whom butchers murder'd

On the field of Magus Muir :—

By his sacred blood I charge ye—

By the ruin'd hearth and shrine—

By the blighted hopes of Scotland—

By your injuries and mine—

Strike this day as if the anvil

Lay beneath your blows the while,

Be they Covenanting traitors,

Or the brood of false Argyle !

Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels

Backwards o'er the stormy Forth ;

Let them tell their pale Convention

How they fared within the North.

Let them tell that Highland honour

Is not to be bought nor sold—

That we scorn their Prince's anger,

As we loathe his foreign gold.

Strike ! and when the fight is over,
 If ye look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest,
 Search for him that was Dundee ! ”

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane
 Not a man who heard him speak
 Would that day have left the battle.
 Burning eye and flushing cheek
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath ;
 For their souls were strong within them,
 Stronger than the grasp of death.
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe :
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer
 When they scent the stately deer.
 From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum ;
 Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath,
 Wound the long battalion slowly,
 Till they gained the field beneath ;
 Then we bounded from our covert !
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
 When they saw the rugged mountain
 Start to life with armed men !

306 THE BALLAD OF KING MONMOUTH

They file by Colway now ;
 They rise o'er Uplyme brow ;
 And faithful Taunton hails her hero-knight :
 And girlhood's agile hand
 Weaves for the patriot band
 The crown-emblazon'd flag, their gathering-star of
 fight.

—Ah flag of shame and woe !
 For not by these who go,
 Scythe-men and club-men, foot and hunger-worn
 These levies raw and rude,
 Can England be subdued,
 Or that ancestral throne from its foundations torn !

Yet by the dour deep trench
 Their mettle did not blench,
 When mist and midnight closed o'er sad Sedge-
 moor ;
 Though on those hearts of oak
 The tall cuirassiers broke,
 And Afric's tiger-bands spring out with sullen roar :

Though the loud cannon plane
 Death's lightning riven lane,
 Levelling that unskill'd valour, rude, unled :
 —Yet happier in their fate
 Than whom the war-fiends wait
 To rend them limb from limb, the gibbet-withering
 dead !

—Yet weep not, my child, though the dead be dead,
 And the wounded rise not again !
 For they are with God who for England fought,
 And they bore them as *Englishmen*.

Stout hearts, and sorely tried !
 —But he, for whom they died,
 Skulk'd like the wolf in Cranbourne, grey and
 gaunt :—

Till, dragg'd and bound, he knelt
 To one no prayers could melt,
 Nor bond of blood, nor fear of fate, from vengeance
 daunt.

—O hill of death and gore,
 Fast by the tower'd shore,
 What wealth of precious blood is thine, what
 tears !
 What calmly fronted scorn ;
 What pain, not vainly borne !
 For heart beats hot with heart, and human grief
 endears !

*—Then weep not, my child, though the days be dark,
 Fear not ; he will come again,
 With Arthur and Harold and good Saint George,
 King Monmouth and all his men !*

WILLIAM AND MARY (1688–1702)

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE

(BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE, 1689)

BY W. E. AYTOUN

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn our army lay :
 Slowly rose the mist in columns
 From the river's broken way ;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
 And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true ;
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering-cry,

Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel—
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochell !
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band ;
 On we poured, until we met them—
 Foot to foot, and hand to hand !
 Horse and man went down like driftwood
 When the floods are black at Yule,
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us !
 Living foe there tarried none
 On the field of Killiecrankie,
 When that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening-star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head,
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him, gashed and gory
 Stretch'd upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him—
 In the thickest of the slain.
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
 So, amidst the battle's thunder,
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
 Where the bones of heroes rest—
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest !

Last of Scots and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace !
Oh, thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the after-time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep !—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee !

THE BOYNE WATER (1690)

OLD BALLAD

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged. they vow'd revenge
Upon King William's forces ;
And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm ;
They thought his majesty was slain
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion.
But William said—"He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marchèd o'er,
The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on
And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the losing of one commander ;
For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be the general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle ;
Our cannon, to our foe's great cest,
Like thundering claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter ;
With blows and shouts put our foes to the route
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Milmount a'ter,
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the field on fire ;
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
" I'm glad," said he, " that none of ye
Seemèd to be faint-hearted,
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow a'ter " :
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter,
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

THE JACOBITE ON TOWER HILL (1696)

BY GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

He tripp'd up the steps with a bow and a smile,
Offering snuff to the chaplain the while,
A rose at his button-hole that afternoon—
Twas the tenth of the month, and the month it
was June.

Then shrugging his shoulders he look'd at the man
With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran
Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing
to see
The gaoler kneel down, and receiving his fee.

He look'd at the mob, as they roar'd, with a stare,
And took snuff again with a cynical air.
"I'm happy to give but a moment's delight
To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he look'd at the block, and with scented
cravat
Dusted room for his neck, gaily doffing his hat,
Kiss'd his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,
Then smiling, turn'd round to the headsman and
bow'd.

"God save King James!" he cried bravely and
shrill,
And the cry reach'd the houses at foot of the hill,
"My friend with the axe, *à votre service*," he said;
And ran his white thumb long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hiss'd he stood firm as a rock;
Then kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block;
He kiss'd a white rose,—in a moment 'twas red,
With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

BONNIE DUNDEE

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke ;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men ;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee !"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace they look'd couthie
and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee !
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd :
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
e'e,
As they watch'd for the Bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* / for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

[There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass² shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash
free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

“ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me ! ”
 Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
 blown,
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
 Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
 Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE (1692)

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

“ O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
 Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
 Far down the desert of Glencoe,
 Where none may list their melody ?
 Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
 Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
 Or to the eagle, that from high
 Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy ? ”—

“ No, not to these, for they have rest,—
 The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
 The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
 Abode of lone security.
 But those for whom I pour the lay,
 Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
 Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
 Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

318 THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

" Their flag was furl'd. and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come,
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

" The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality !
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

" Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery !
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than Southern clemency.

" Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
' Revenge for blood and treachery ! ' "

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

QUEEN ANNE (1702-1713)

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM (1704)

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;

320 THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout ;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke
 Who such a fight did win.
 But what good came of it at last ?—
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH (1704)

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

'Twas then Great Marlborough's soul was proved,
 That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So, when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
 And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

BY ALEXANDER POPE

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
 name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk the instructive hours they passed
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

THE HANOVERIAN DYNASTY

GEORGE I (1713–1727)

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR

OLD BALLAD

THERE'S some say that we won,
And some say that they won,
And some say that none won at a', man.
But of one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriffmuir,
A battle there was that I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran ;
And they ran, and we ran ;
But we ran and they ran awa', man.

*[The following ballad is in the form of a dialogue
between two shepherds, feeding their flocks on the
Ochil Hills, in sight of Sheriffmuir.]*

WILL. Oh, came ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep with me, man ?
Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
Or did the battle see, man ?
Pray tell which of the parties won,
For well I wot I saw them run

324 THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR

Both south and north when they begun
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets a', and pistols' knell;
And some awa' did flee, man.

TAM. But, my dear Will, I know not still
Which did the battle lose, man;
For well I wot they had good skill
To set upon their foes, man.
The Redcoats they are trained, you see;
The clans always disdain to flee;
Who then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chase their foes, man.

WILL. Now, prithee, Tam, can this be true?
I saw the chase go north, man.

TAM. But well I wot they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, man.
From Dumblane they ran in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight.
If only you had been with me,
Ye had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die with sloth, man.

WILL. Since Scotland has not much to say
For such a fight as this is,
Where both did fight, both ran away,
And very close the miss is,
That every officer was not slain
That ran that day, and was not ta'en,
Either flying to, or from, Dumblane,
When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
This sad story hush is.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

IN good King Charles's golden days
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, etc.

When William was our King declar'd
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance,
And this is law, etc.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory ;
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication,
And this is law, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir.
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender ;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender,
And this is law, etc.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, etc.

GEORGE II (1727-1760)

FONTENOY (1745)

BY THOMAS DAVIS

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English
column failed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in
vain assailed,
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking
battery,
And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch
auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British
soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished
and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with
anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to
try :
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals
ride !
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds
of eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column
tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is
at their head ;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they
climb the hill ;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right
onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a
furnace blast,

Through rampart, trench and palisade and
bullets showering fast ;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept
their course,
With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at
hostile force :
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow
their ranks—
They break as broke the Zuyder Zee through,
Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirrailleurs
rush round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew
the ground ;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on
they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur
retired.
“ Push on, my household cavalry ! ” King Louis
madly cried :
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not
unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis
turns his rein :
“ Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed. “ the Irish
troops remain ” ;
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Water-
loo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement
and true.

“ Lord Clare,” he says, “ you have your wish ;
there are your Saxon foes ” !
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he
goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont
to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas
writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their
women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their
country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him
alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet else-
where,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than those proud
exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he
commands,
"Fix bayonets!—charge!" Like mountain storm
rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make
a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the
men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through
the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the head-
long Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Sassanach!"

330 CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang :
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns
are filled with gore ;
Through shattered ranks, and several files, the
trampled blags they tore ;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused,
rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and
with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that
hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their
track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes, the Irish stand—the field is
fought and won.

CHARLES EDWARD AT VERSAILLES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF CULLO- DEN (1746) (*Abridged*)

BY WILLIAM E. AYTOUN

TAKE away that star and garter—
Hide them from my aching sight :
Neither king nor prince shall tempt me
From my lonely room this night ;
Let the shadows gather round me
While I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan
Watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion
Far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance—day of passion—
Ever, as the year comes round :

Fatal day, whereon the latest
 Die was cast for me and mine—
 Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
 Of the hapless Stuart line !

Phantom-like, as in a mirror,
 Rise the grisly scenes of death—
 There before me, in its wildness,
 Stretches bare Culloden's heath :
 There the broken clans are scattered,
 Gaunt as wolves, and famine-eyed,
 Hunger gnawing at their vitals,
 Hope abandoned, all but pride.
 There they stand, the battered columns,
 Underneath the murky sky,
 In the hush of desperation,
 Not to conquer but to die.
 Hark ! the bagpipe's fitful wailing :
 Not the pibroch loud and shrill,
 That, with hope of bloody banquet,
 Lured the ravens from the hill,
 But a dirge both low and solemn,
 Fit for ears of dying men,
 Marshalled for their latest battle,
 Never more to fight again.

Madness—madness ! Why this shrinking ?
 Were we less inured to war
 When our reapers swept the harvest
 From the field of red Dunbar ?
 Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet !
 Call the riders of Fitz-James :
 Let Lord Lewis head the column !
 Valiant chiefs of mighty names—
 Trusty Keppoch ! stout Glengarry !
 Gallant Gordon ! wise Lochiell !
 Bid the clansmen hold together,
 Fast, and fell, and firm as steel.

Elcho ! never look so gloomy ;
 What avails a saddened brow ?
 Heart, man, heart !—We need it sorely,
 Never half so much as now.
 Had we but a thousand troopers,
 Had we but a thousand more !
 Noble Perth, I hear them coming !—
 Hark ! the English cannons roar.

God ! how awful sounds that volley,
 Bellowing through the mist and rain.
 Was not that the Highland slogan ?
 Let me hear that shout again !
 Oh, for prophet eyes to witness
 How the desperate battle goes !
 Cumberland ! I would not fear thee,
 Could my Camerons see their foes.
 Sound, I say, the charge at venture—
 'Tis not naked steel we fear ;
 Better perish in the *mêlée*
 Than be shot like driven deer !
 Hold ! the mist begins to scatter !
 There in front 'tis rent asunder,
 And the cloudy bastion crumbles
 Underneath the deafening thunder ;
 Chief and vassal, lord and yeoman,
 There they lie in heaps together,
 Smitten by the deadly volley,
 Rolled in blood upon the heather ;
 And the Hanoverian horsemen
 Fiercely riding to and fro,
 Deal their murderous strokes at random.—
 Woe is me ! where am I now ?

Will that baleful vision never
 Vanish from my aching sight ?
 Must those scenes and sounds of terror
 Haunt me still by day and night ?

Vae, the earth hath no oblivion
 For the noblest chance it gave,
 None, save in its latest refuge—
 Seek it only in the grave !
 Love may die, and hatred slumber,
 And their memory will decay,
 As the watered garden recks not
 Of the drought of yesterday ;
 But the dream of power once broken
 What shall give repose again ?
 What shall chain the serpent-furies
 Coiled around the maddening brain :
 What kind draught can nature offer
 Strong enough to lull their sting ?
 Better to be born a peasant
 Than to live an exiled king !

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN (1746)

BY ROBERT BURNS

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee :
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
 A waefu' day it was to me !
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see :
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,
 For mony a heart thou hast made sad
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

QUEBEC (1759)

BY CHARLES SANGSTER

QUEBEC ! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne !
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan ;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her
fame.

Wolfe and Montcalm ! two nobler names ne'er
graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain ;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They passed unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valour claims and Feeling's self
imparts.

GEORGE III (1760-1820)

BUONAPARTE (1769-1821)

BY LORD TENNYSON.

HE thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madmand—to chain with chains, and bind with
bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,

When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
 With thunders, and with lightnings, and with
 smoke

Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
 Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.
 We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
 Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
 Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
 Flamed over ; at Trafalgar yet once more
 We taught him : late he learn'd humility
 Perforce, like those whom Gideon school'd with
 briers.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC (1801)

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

OF Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line.
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 As they drifted on their path
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene,
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when
 each gun,
 From its adamantine lips,
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane,
 To our cheering sent us back.
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save;—
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our King."—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day,

While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died ;—
With the gallant good Riou ;¹
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !—

TRAFALGAR (OCTOBER 21, 1805)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

HEARD ye the thunder of battle
Low in the South and afar ?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson on Trafalgar ?

¹ Capt. Riou, styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and good.

Such another day never
England will look on again,
Where the battle fought was the hottest,
And the hero of heroes was slain !

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain were
gather'd for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada in
might :—
And the sails were aloft once more in the deep
Gaditanian bay,
Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great
Trinidad lay ;
Eager-reluctant to close ; for across the bloodshed
to be
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the throne
of the sea !
Which were bravest, who should tell ? for both were
gallant and true ;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that sail'd
o'er the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied ; they knew not
Nelson was there ;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of
despair.
From Ayamonte to Algeziras he guarded the
coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now must
fight, or be lost ;—
Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland
sheltering sea,
For he headed the Admirals round, constraining
them under his lee,
Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain : so they
shifted their ground,
They could choose,—they were more than we ;—
and they faced at Trafalgar round ;

Banking their fleet two deep, a fortress-wall thirty-
tower'd ;
In the midst four-storied with guns, the dark
Trinidad lower'd.

So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some
dyke that men massively rear,
From on high the torrent surges, to drive through
the dyke as a spear,
Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets his
double array,
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe, any
way, . . .

“Anyhow!—without orders, each captain his
Frenchman may grapple perforce :
Collingwood first” (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit
slacken'd her course)

“Signal for action ! Farewell ! we shall win, but
we meet not again ! ”

—Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the
decks o'er the main,

And on,—as the message from masthead to mast-
head flew out like a flame,

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,—
they came.

—Silent they come :—While the thirty black forts
of the foemen's array

Clothe them in billowysnow, tier speaking o'er tier
as they lay ;

Flashes that came and went, as swords when the
battle is rife ;—

But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for
death as for life.

—O in that interval grim, ere the furies of slaughter
embrace,

Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England ;
some glance of some face !

—Faces gazing seaward through tears from the
ocean-girt shore ;
Features that ne'er can be gazed on again till the
death-pang is o'er. . . .
Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all his
great heart
As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the loved
one, who bade him depart
. . . O not for death, but glory ! her smile would
welcome him home !
—Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall :—and
silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom hunters
attack,
Stung by their darts from afar, leaps in, dividing
them back ;
So between Spaniard and Frenchman the *Victory*
wedged with a shout,
Gun against gun ; a cloud from her decks and
lightning went out ;
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury
smoke ;
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from invisible
stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his mates fell
smitten around,
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-
shatter'd, besplinters the ground :—
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the foe
as he lay ;
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each was
Nelson that day.

“ She has struck ! ”—he shouted—“ She burns, the
Redoubtable ! Save whom we can,
“ Silence our guns ” :—for in him the woman was
great in the man,

In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and pure,
Dying by those he spared:—and now Death's
triumph was sure !

From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd, and the
foe set his rifle in rest,

Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with
the stars on his breast,—

“ In honour I gain'd them, in honour I die with
them ” . . . Then, in his place,

Fell . . . “ Hardy ! 'tis over ; but let them not
know ” : and he cover'd his face.

Silent, the whole fleet's darling they bore to the
twilight below :

And above the war-thunder came shouting, as foe
struck his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose : and for Hardy, the faithful,
he cried in his pain,—

“ How goes the day with us, Hardy ? ” . . . “ 'Tis
ours ” :—Then he knew, not in vain

Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled :
how he left her secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and
example endure.

O, like a lover he loved her ! for her as water he pours
Life-blood, and life and love, given all for her sake,
and for ours !

—“ Kiss me, Hardy !—Thank God !—I have done
my duty ! ”—And then

Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men

Hear ye the heart of a nation

Groan, for her saviour is gone ;

Gallant and true and tender,

Child and chieftain in one ?

Such another day never

England will weep for again,

When the triumph darken'd the triumph,

And the hero of heroes was slain.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE
(1809)

BY CHARLES WOLFE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried ;
NOT a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory !

THE EVE OF WATERLOO (1815)

BY LORD BYRON

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high h
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear :

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
quell :

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They
come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON 345

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

BY PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE

AT Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound,
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

346 THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted !"

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current ;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother, with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green :
Wellington wept, the iron man ;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
 When the war was done, across the foam)
 Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben
 With his sires the pride of the Cameron men.
 Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
 As they laid him to rest in his native ground—
 The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
 Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never
 failed,
 Where a Cameron man was wanted.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

BY LORD BYRON.

FAREWELL to the Land where the gloom of my glory
 Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far ;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
 lonely,
 The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd
 me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth ;
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found
 thee
 Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were
 won :
 Then the Eagle whose gaze in that moment was
 blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

Farewell to thee, France !—But when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again.
 Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that
 has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1769-1832)

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THEN, Wellington ! thy piercing eye
 This crisis caught of destiny—
 The British host had stood
 That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance
 As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
 But when thy voice had said, " Advance ! "
 They were their ocean's flood.—
 O thou, whose inauspicious aim
 Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
 Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
 The terrors of yon rushing tide ?
 Or will thy chosen brook to feel
 The British shock of levell'd steel,
 Or dost thou turn thine eye
 Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
 And fresher thunders wake the war,
 And other standards fly ?—
 Think not that in yon columns, file
 Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle—
 Is Blucher yet unknown ?
 Or dwells not in thy memory still,
 (Heard frequent in thine hour of ill)

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE III 349

What notes of hate and vengeance thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone?—

What yet remains?—shall it be thine

To head the relics of thy line

In one dread effort more?—

The Roman lore thy leisure loved,

And thou canst tell what fortune proved

That Chieftain, who, of yore,

Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,

And with the gladiator's aid,

For empire enterprised—

He stood the cast his rashness play'd,

Left not the victims he had made,

Dug his red grave with his own blade,

And on the field he lost was laid,

Abhorr'd—but not despised.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE III (1820)

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WARD of the law!—dread shadow of a king!

Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;

Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,

Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,

Save haply for some feeble glimmering

Of faith and hope; if thou, by nature's doom,

Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,

Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,

When thankfulness were best!—Fresh-flowing tears,

Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,

Yield to such after-thought the sole reply

Which justly it can claim. The nation hears

In this deep knell—silent for threescore years,

An unexampled voice of awful memory.

GEORGE IV (1820-1830).

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON (1821)

BY JOHN M'LELLAN

WILD was the night, yet a wilder night
 Hung around the soldier's pillow ;
 In his bosom there raged a fiercer fight
 Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by—
 The few that his stern heart cherished ;
 They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
 That life had nearly perished.

They knew, by his awful and kingly look,
 By the order hastily spoken,
 That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
 And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
 Still triumphed the Frenchmen's "eagle" ;
 And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
 Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
 The Prussian's camp was routed ;
 And again on the hills of haughty Spain
 His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sand, over Alpine snows,
 At the pyramids, at the mountain,
 Where the wave of the lordly Danube
 And by the Italian fountain ;

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
 Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
 He led again, in his dying dreams,
 His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's fierce-fought battle ;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day—
A day that shall live in story ;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
And " left him alone with his glory."

THE LAY OF THE CHEESE (1825)

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

THE Pope, that pagan full of pride,
From whom Heaven may defend us,
Did lay one summer eventide,
A horrid plot to end us ;
O'Connell came and talked his fill ;
Sir Francis Burdett made a Bill ;
And honest men felt great alarms,
Both for their faiths and for their farms,
Solid men of Cheshire !

We heard around the savage cries
Of men with ragged breeches,
Who practised the barbarities
Of making hay—and speeches ;
And Popish priests, disguised like Whigs,
Prepared to steal the Parson's pigs,
To overthrow the Church and steeple
And break the backs of upright people,
Solid men of Cheshire !

Then up the Heir Apparent got
Of Britain's wide dominion,
And said that Heaven and Earth should not
Demolish his opinion ;

That Heirs Apparent were not meant
 To listen to an argument,
 And bringing Royal Dukes to reason,
 He thought, was little short of treason—
 Solid men of Cheshire.

And what rewards did men devise
 For such a peroration,
 Which saved their lives and liberties
 From transubstantiation ?
 A long address, filled full of beauties,
 Expressive of their loves and duties ;
 And also a prodigious cheese,
 As heavy as Sir Harcourt Lees—
 Solid men of Cheshire.

Rank makes a virtue of a sin ;
 Small labour it would cost one
 To prove that Peers a cheese may win,
 As Æsop's magpie lost one.
 The Prince and pie perhaps inherit
 A voice of nearly equal merit ;
 A fox induced the bird to puke ;
 A lawyer bammed the Royal Duke—
 Solid men of Cheshire.

"Blest cheese," said girls in grogram vests,
 "Rub off your rural shyness ;
 And feast his Royal Highness' guests,
 And feast his Royal Highness.
 'Tis thine to catch the sweets that slip
 From Mr. Peel's melodious lip,
 The Chancellor's Bœotian thunders,
 And Blomfield's Æschylean blunders—
 Solid men of Cheshire.

"The Parmesan upon the board
 Shall tasteless seem before thee,
 And many a spiritual lord
 Shall breathe a blessing o'er thee ;

A hallowed spot the shrine shall be,
 Where'er a shrine is made for thee,
 And none but Reverend Rats shall dare
 To taste a single morsel there—
 Solid men of Cheshire.

Alas the fatal sisters frowned
 Upon the promised pleasure ;
 The creditors came darkly round,
 And seized the pondrous treasure !
 But yet to tease the Duke's distress,
 They forwarded the long address,
 Because—to strip the fact of feigning—
 The paper was not worth detaining !
 Solid men of Cheshire !

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY (1825)

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

YE Dons and ye doctors, ye Provosts and Proctors,
 Who're paid to monopolize knowledge,
 Come make opposition by voice and petition
 To the radical infidel College ;
 Come put forth your powers in aid of the towers
 Which boast of their Bishops and Martyrs
 And arm all the terrors of privileged errors
 Which live by the wax of their Charters.

Let Mackintosh battle with Canning and Vattel,
 Let Brougham be a friend to the "niggers,"
 Burdett cure the nation's misrepresentations,
 And Hume cut a figure in figures ;
 But let them not babble of Greek to the rabble
 Nor teach the mechanics their letters ;
 The labouring classes were born to be asses,
 And not to be aping their betters.

'Tis a terrible crisis for Cam and for Isis !
 Fat butchers are learning dissection ;
 And looking-glass makers become Sabbath-breakers
 To study the rules of reflection ;
 " Sin : ϕ " and " sin : θ " what sins can be sweeter ?
 Are taught to the poor of both sexes,
 And weavers and sinners jump up from their
 dinners
 To flirt with their Y's and their X's.

Chuckfarthing advances the doctrine of chances
 In spite of the staff of the beadle ;
 And menders of breeches between the long stitches
 Write books on the laws of the needle ;
 And chandlers all chatter of luminous matter,
 Who communicate none to their tallows,
 And rogues get a notion of the pendulum's motion
 Which is only of use at the gallows.

The impurest of attics read pure mathematics,
 The ginshops are turned into cloisters,
 A Crawford next summer will fill you your rummer,
 A Coplestone open your oysters.
 The bells of Old Bailey are practising gaily
 The erudite tones of St. Mary's ;
 The Minories any day will rear you a Kennedy,
 And Bishopsgate blossom with Airys.

The nature of granites, the tricks of the planets,
 The forces of steams and of gases,
 The engines mechanical, the long words botanical,
 The ranging of beetles in classes,
 The delicate junctions of symbols and functions,
 The impossible roots of equations—
 Are these proper questions for Cockney digestions,
 Fit food for a cit.'s lucubrations ?

The eloquent pages of time-honoured sages
Embalmed by some critical German,
Old presents from Brunckius, new features from
Monckius,

The squabbles of Porson with Hermann,
Your Alphas and Betas, your Canons of Metres,
Your Infinite Powers of Particles,
Shall these and such-like work make journeymen
strike work

And 'prentices tear up their articles ?

But oh ! since fair Science will cruelly fly hence
To smile upon vagrants and gipsies,
Since knights of the hammer must handle their
grammar,

And nightmen account for eclipses,
Our handicraft neighbours shall share in our labours
If they leave us the whole of the honey,
And the *sans-culotte* caitiff shall start for the plate, if
He puts in no claim to *plate-money*.

Ye Halls, on whose daïs the Don of to-day is
To feed on the beef and the benison,
Ye Common-room glories, where beneficed Tories
Digest their belief and their vension,
Ye duels scholastic, where quibbles monastic
Are asserted with none to confute them,
Ye grave Congregations, where frequent taxations
Are settled with none to dispute them—

Far hence be the season when Radical treason
Of port and of pudding shall bilk ye,
When the weavers aforesaid shall taste of our boar's
head,

The silk-winders swallow our *silky*.
When the mob shall eat faster than any Vicemaster,
The watermen try to out-tope us,
When Campbell shall dish up a bowl of our *bishop*,
Or Brougham and Co. cope with our *copus*.

WILLIAM IV. (1830-1837)

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS (1830)

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

WE'RE sick of this distressing state

Of order and repose ;

We have not had enough of late

Of blunders or of blows ;

We can't endure to pass our life

In such a humdrum way ;

We want a little pleasant strife—

The Whigs are in to-day !

Our worthy fathers were content

With all the world's applause ;

They thought they had a parliament,

And liberty. and laws.

It's no such thing ; we've wept and groaned

Beneath a despot's sway ;

We've all been whipped, and starved, and stoned—

The Whigs are in to'-day !

We used to fancy Englishmen

Had broken Europe's chain,

And won a battle, now and then,

Against the French in Spain ;

Oh no ! we never ruled the waves,

Whatever people say ;

We've all been despicable slaves—

The Whigs are in to-day !

It's time for us to see the things

Which other folk have seen ;

It's time we should cashier our

And build our guillotine ;

We'll-abrogate Police and Peers,

And vote the Church away ;

We'll hang the parish overseers—

The Whigs are in to-day !

We'll put the landlords to the rout ;
We'll burn the College Halls ;
We'll turn St. James's inside out,
And batter down St. Paul's.
We'll hear no more of Bench or Bar ;
The troops shall have no pay ;
We'll turn adrift our men of war—
 ! are in to-day !

We fear no bayonet or ball
From those who fight for hire ;
For Baron Brougham has told them all
On no account to fire.
Lord Tenterden looks vastly black ;
But Baron Brougham, we pray,
Will strip the ermine from his back—
The Whigs are in to-day !

Go pluck the jewels from the Crown,
The colours from the mast,
And let the Three per Cents. come down—
We can but break at last.
If Cobbett is the first of men,
The second is Lord Grey ;
Oh must we not be happy, when
The Whigs are in to-day !

PLEDGES, BY A TEN-POUND HOUSE- HOLDER (1832)

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED

WHEN a gentleman comes
With his trumpet and drums,
And hangs out a flag at the Dragon,
Some pledges, no doubt,
We must get him to spout
To the shop-keepers, out of a wagon.

For although an M.P.
May be wiser than we
Till the House is dissolved, in December,
Thenceforth, we're assured,
Since Reform is secured,
We'll be wiser by far than our member.

A pledge must be had
That, since times are so bad
He'll prepare a long speech, to improve them;
And since taxes, at best,
Are a very poor jest,
He'll take infinite pains to remove them.

He must promise and vow
That he'll never allow
A Bishop to ride in his carriage;
That he'll lighten our cares
By abolishing prayers,
And extinguishing baptism and marriage.

He must solemnly say
That he'll vote no more pay
To the troops, in their ugly red jackets;
And that none may complain
On the banks of the Seine,
He'll dismast all our ships, but the packets.

That the labourer's arm,
May be stout on the farm,
That our commerce may wake from stagnation,
That our trades may revive,
And our looms look alive,
He'll be pledged to all free importation.

And that city and plain
May recover again
From the squabbles of Pitts and of Foxes,
He'll be pledged, amidst cheers,
To demolish the Peers,
And give us the balls and the boxes.

Some questions our wit
May have chanced to omit ;
So, for fear he should happen to stumble,
He must promise to go
With Hume, Harvey, and Co.,
And be their obedient and humble.

We must bind him, poor man,
To obey their divan,
However their worships may task him,
To swallow their lies
Without any surprise,
And to vote black is white, when they ask him.

These hints I shall lay,
In a forcible way,
Before an intelligent quorum,
Who meet to debate
Upon matters of State,
To-night, at the National Forum.

CHARTIST SONG (1832)

BY THOMAS COOPER

The time shall come when wrong shall end,
When peasant to peer no more shall bend ;

When the lordly Few shall lose their sway,
And the Many no more their frown obey.

Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done,
Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter won !

The time shall come when the artisan
Shall homage no more the titled man ;
When the moiling men who delve in the mine
By Mammon's decree no more shall pine

Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done,
Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter won.

The time shall come when the weavers' band
Shall hunger no more in their fatherland ;
When the factory-child can sleep till day
And smile while it dreams of sport and play.

Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done,
Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter won.

The time shall come when man shall hold
His brother more dear than sordid gold ;
When the negro's stain his freeborn mind
Shall sever no more from human-kind.

Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,
Till Justice and Love hold jubilee.

The time has come when kingly crown
And mitre for toys of the past are shown ;
When the fierce and false alike shall fall,
And mercy and truth encircle all.

Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free,
Till Mercy and Truth hold jubilee !

The time shall come when earth shall be
A garden of joy, from sea to sea,
When the slaughterous sword is drawn no more,
And goodness exults from shore to shore.

Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free
Till Goodness shall hold high jubilee !

THE MORNING DREAM

BY WILLIAM COWPER

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seemed as I lay.
I dreamed that on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sailed,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw :
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun, on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
“ I go to make freemen of slaves.”

Then raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appeared.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chased by her melody clear,
And methought while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name ;
In his hand, as the sign of his sway
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey,
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he viewed,

The scourge he let fall from his hand,
 With blood of his subjects imbrued.
 I saw him both sicken and die,
 And the moment the monster expired,
 Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
 From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking how could I but muse,
 At what such a dream should betide
 But soon my ear caught the glad news,
 Which served my weak thought for a guide,—
 That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves,
 For the hatred she ever has shown
 To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
 Resolves to have none of her own.¹

QUEEN VICTORIA (1837–1901)

VICTORIA'S TEARS

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT R

“O MAIDEN ! heir of kings !
 A king has left his place !
 The majesty of Death has swept
 All other from his face !
 And thou upon thy mother's breast
 No longer lean adown,
 But take the glory for the rest,
 And rule the land that loves thee best ! ”
 She heard, and wept—
 She wept to wear a crown !

They decked her courtly halls ;
 They reined her hundred steeds ;
 They shouted at her palace gate,
 “A noble Queen succeeds ! ”

¹ Slavery abolished 1834.

Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town !
And mourners God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown !

She saw no purple's shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries !
And while her heralds played the part,
For million shouts to drown—
" God save the Queen " from hill to mart,—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown !

God save thee, weeping Queen !
Thou shalt be well beloved !
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears be moved !
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own,
The love that guardeth liberties !
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose Sovereign wept—
Yea ! wept, to wear its crown !

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine !
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine !
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see !
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown !

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA (1838)

BY REV. R. H. BABHAM

OCH ! the Coronation ! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare ?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair.
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey
With his sword drawn prancing, made them keep
the line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence-shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews ;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn,
talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame :
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),

Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
 The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
 And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
 The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
 In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
 And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the Gallery you might persave ;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
 Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more ;
 Och ! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
 But Mehemet Ali, said, quite gintaly,
 " I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks ! "

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! och ! they did
 dress her
 In her purple garments and her goulden Crown ;
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow.
 And Sir George Smart ! Oh ! he play'd a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, " Please your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory !
 Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health ! "

366 CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the meet-
ing ;

!! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man ! ”

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
“ Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign ! ”
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty serious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of
speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee ;
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, “ Ah, then thank ye all for
me ! ”
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones ;
But Lord Rolle, was rolling ;—twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones !

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and
mustard,
And on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop ;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other sweet-meat,
And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop !
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,—
Och ! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog
enough,
The sly ould villain, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thundered, and the people
 wondered,
 Crying, "Long live Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—
 —Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
 And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid, in swate poe-thry!
 Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher;
 Faix, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

CROWNED AND WEDDED

[*Crowned June 28, 1838; married Feb. 10, 1840, to
 Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha*]

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WHEN last before her people's face her own fair face
 she bent,
 Within the meek projection of that shade she was
 content
 To erase the child-smile from her lips, which seemed
 as if it might
 Be still kept holy from the world to childhood still
 in sight—
 To erase it with a solemn vow,—a princely vow—
 to rule—
 A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God the pitiful,—
 A very godlike vow—to rule in right and righteous-
 ness,
 And with the law and for the land!—so God the
 vower bless!
 The minster was alight that day, but not with fire,
 I ween,
 And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that
 mighty aisled scene.
 The priests stood stoled in their pomp, the sworded
 chiefs in theirs,
 And so, the collared knights,—and so, the civil
 ministers,—

And so, the waiting lords and dames,—and little
pages best
At holding trains—and legates so, from countries
east and west—
So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies
bright,
Along whose brows the Queen's, new crowned,
flashed coronets to light,—
And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands
on high,
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty.
And so, the DEAD—who lie in rows beneath the
minster floor,
There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore—
The statesman, whose clean palm will kiss no bribe
whate'er it be ;
The courtier, who, for no fair queen, will rise up to
his knee ;
The court-dame, who, for no court-tire, will leave
her shroud behind :
The laureate, who no courtlier rhyme than “ dust to
dust ” can find :
The kings and queens, who, having made that vow
and worn that crown,
Descended into lower thrones and darker, deep
adown !
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them ?—what mean-
ing can it have ?—
The King of kings, the rights of death—God's
judgment and the grave !
And when betwixt the quick and dead the young
fair Queen had vowed,
The living shouted “ May she live ! Victoria, live ! ”
aloud—
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed
between,
“ The blessing happy monarchs have, be thine, O
crownèd Queen ! ”

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers
anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness
thereunto.
She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her childhood
put away—
She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love
to-day.
O lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips become
such vows.
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with
vernal brows.
O lovely lady!—let her vow!—yea, let her vow to
love!—
And though she be no less a queen—with purple
hung above,
The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin
around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly
to ground,
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that
state,
While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness
wait.
SHE vows to love, who vowed to rule—the chosen at
her side:
Let none say, God preserve the Queen!—but rather
Bless the bride!
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none
violate the dream
Wherein no monarch, but a wife, she to herself may
seem.
Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh, breathe it
inward low—
She is a *woman*, and *beloved*!—and 'tis enough, but so.
Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her
by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land!

370 WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy
spirit high and rare,
And true to truth and brave for truth, as some at
Augsburg were,—
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy
poet-mind,
Which not by glory and degree takes measure of
mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than
for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal
thing.
And now, upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings
shall we pray ?
None, straitened to a shallow crown, will suit our
lips to-day,
Behold, they must be free as love—they must be
broad as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's
humanity.
Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—and true
hearts pray between,—
“The blessings happy PEASANTS have, be thine,
O crownèd Queen !”

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS (SEPT. 13, 1852)

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.
It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover
 Were all alert that day,
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
 Their cannon through the night,
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their station
 On every citadel ;
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,
 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
 Replied the distant forts,
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
 No drum-beat from the wall,
 No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure
 Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
 The long line of the coast,
 Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
 Be seen up on his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
 In sombre harness mailed,
 Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
 The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
 The dark and silent room,
 And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
 The silence and the gloom.

372 DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead :
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (1852)

BY LORD TENNYSON

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea,
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;

And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down,
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dashed on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seamen, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall

Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all.
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine :
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

THE ALMA (SEPTEMBER 20, 1854)

BY ARCHBISHOP R. C. TRENCH

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although
thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them
to the sea :
Yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured but to wandering
Tartar known—
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four
corners blown.
In two nations' annals graven, thou art now a
deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in the firmament of fame.
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city,
tower and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, boasts no potency
like thine,
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many
a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories
of the dead.

Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow who can
proudly mourning, say—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have
wept itself away—
“He has pass’d from us, the loved one; but he
sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-
side.”
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are
cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-
beds repose,
Thou on England’s banners blazon’d with the famous
fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above
the brave and bold;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great
deed to be done,
By that Twentieth of September, when the Alma’s
heights were won!
Oh! thou river! dear for ever to the gallant, to the
free—
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, proudly roll them
to the sea.

BALACLAVA (OCTOBER 25, 1854)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY LORD

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns!” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !
Was there a man dismay’d ?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
Flash’d as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder’d ;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro’ the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel’d from the sabre stroke
Shatter’d and sunder’d.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;
Storm’d at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O, the wild charge they made.
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

INKERMAN (NOVEMBER 5, 1854)

BY GERALD MASSEY

'Twas midnight ere our guns' loud laugh at their
wild work did cease,
And by the smouldering fires of war we lit the pipe
of peace.
At four a burst of bells went up through Night's
cathedral dark,
It seemed so like our Sabbath chimes, we could but
wake, and hark !
So like the bells that call to prayer in the dear land
far away ;
Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to
betray.
Our camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still i' the mist that
brought its shroud ;
For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled his
smile to see
How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous
jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up through
the mirk—

Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the
Turk !

While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely slept,
Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-
side crept.

In the Ruins of the Valley do the birds of carnage stir ?
A creaking in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample—
bullets whir—

By God ! the Foe is on us ! Now the bugles with
a start

Thrill—like the cry of a wrongèd queen—to the red
roots of the heart ;

And long and loud the wild war drums with throb-
bing triumph roll—

A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shiv-
ering soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready, fresh,
and true !

No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour
turned to dew.

Majestic as a God defied, arose our little host—
All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the fieriest
post !

Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill
brow scowling grim,

As is the frown of Slaughter when he dreams his
dreadful dream.

No sun ! but none is needed,—men can feel their
way to fight,

The lust of battle in their face—eyes filled with
fiery light ;

And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the
dark earth lay

The prophesying morning red of a great and glorious
day.

As bridegroom leaves his wedded bride in gentle
slumbers sealed,
Our England slumbered in the West, when her
warriors went afield.
We thought of her, and swore that day to strike
immortal blows,
As all along our leaguered line the roar of battle
rose.
Her banners waved like blessing hands, and we felt
it was the hour
For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of
Russian power,
And at a bound, and with a sound that madly cried
to kill,
The lion of Old England leapt in lightnings from the
hill.
And there he stood superb, through all that Sabbath
of the Sword,
And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his hunters,
horde on horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling legions
came—
The cannon's tongues of quick red fire licked all
the hills aflame !
Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with devilish
glee went past,
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the
battle blast ;
And through the air, and round the hills, there ran
a wrack sublime
As though Eternity were crashing on the shores of
Time.
On bayonets and swords the smile of conscious vic-
tory shone,
As down to death we dashed the Rebels plucking at
our Throne.

On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of shot
and shell—

Up! up! like heaven scalers, and we hurled them back
to Hell.

Like the old sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash
and foam despair

On ranks of rock, ah! what a prize for the wrecker
death was there!

But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows take
that flood,

A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptu-
ous blood:

The Guards went down to the fight in grey that's
growing gory red—

See! save them, they're surrounded! leap your
ramparts of the dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one
short stride

Between the Russ and victory! One more tug,
you true and tried—

The red Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur, ride,
Bosquet, ride!

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's
burning tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for
France the Grand!

We charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand
to hand!

He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke
of Alma's fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength
to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again again,
again

Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it
with the slain.

Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our
fervent heat ;
Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and
fainter beat.
And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march,
as thus
We sound into the glorious goal with shouts vic-
torious !

From morn till night we fought our fight, and at
the set of sun
Stood conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers'
Battle won.
That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp
of golden grain !
That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon the
misty plain !
We cut them down by thunder strokes, and piled
the shocks of slain :
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's
harvest-wain.
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise
that night,
And robes of Immortality our ragged braves be-
dight !
They fell in boyhood's comely bloom, and bravery's
lusty pride :
But they made their bed o' the foeman dead, ere
they lay down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening
cold and grey,
And thought of those who ranked with us in battle's
rough array,
Our comrades of the morn who came no more from
that fell fray !

The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells
 far away—
 The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson
 bubbles play—
 The stern white faces of the dead that on the dark
 ground lay
 Like statues of old heroes, cut in precious human
 clay—
 Some with a smile as life had stopped to music
 proudly gay—
 The household gods of many a heart all dark and
 dumb to-day !
 And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts
 sank down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will
 strain to mark
 This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon
 through the dark !
 The martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted
 armour rings
 Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the
 warrior kings.
 To the proud Mother England came the radiant
 victory
 With laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last
 agony.
 She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her
 laurelled brow :
 Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so
 noble now.
 The dim divine of distance died—the purpled past
 grew wan,
 As came that crowning glory o'er the heights of
 Inkerman.

A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON
(1857)

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

“God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be ;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me.”

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state ;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly ;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet ;
“Now wherefore made ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet ?

“They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now.”

384 A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,”—
Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed cheek and brow.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh;
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone.”

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
“So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

“Have ye served us for a hundred years,
And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

“ Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

“ Were I,” he said, “ but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

“ Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came ;
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast :
The Captains said, “ When the strong command
Obedience is best.”

AFTER CAWNPORE (JUNE, 1857)

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

FOURTEEN, all told, no more,
Pack'd close within the door
Of that old idol-shrine :
And at them, as they stand,
And from that English band,
The leaden shower went out, and Death proclaim'd
them,

Mine !

Fourteen against an army ; they, no more,
Had 'scaped Cawnpore.

With each quick volley-flash
 The bullets ping and plash :
 Yet, though the tropic noon
 With furnace-fury broke
 The sulphur-curling smoke
 Scarr'd, sear'd, thirst-silenced, hunger-faint, they
 stood :

And soon
 A dusky wall,—death sheltering life,—uprose
 Against their foes.

Behind them now is cast
 The horror of the past ;
 The fort that was no fort,
 The deep dark-heaving flood
 Of foes that broke in blood
 On our devoted camp, victims of fiendish sport ;
 From that last huddling refuge lured to fly,
 —And help so nigh !

Down toward the reedy shore
 That fated remnant pour,
 Mad Fear and Death beside ;
 And other spectres yet
 Of darker vision flit,—
 Old unforgotten wrongs, the harshness and the pride
 Of that imperial race which sway'd the land
 By sheer command !

O little hands that strain
 A mother's hand in vain
 With terror vague and vast :—
 Parch'd eyes that cannot shed
 One tear upon the head,
 A young child's head, too bright for such fell death
 To blast !

Ah ! sadder captive train ne'er filed to doom
 Through vengeful Rome !

From Ganges' reedy shore
The death boats they unmoor,
Stack'd high with hopeless hearts ;
A slowly drifting freight
Through the red jaws of Fate,
Death-blazing banks between, the flame-wing'd
arrow-darts :—
Till down the holy stream those cargoes pour
Their flame and gore.

In feral order slow
The slaughter-barges go,
Martyrs of heathen scorn :
While, saved from flood and fire
To glut the tyrant's ire,
The quick and dead in one, from their red shambles
borne,
Maiden and child, in that dark grave they throw,
Our well of woe !

O spot on which we gaze
Through Time's all-softening haze,
In peace, on them at peace
And taken home to God !
—O whether 'neath the sod,
Or sea, or desert sand, what care,—when that re-
lease
From this dim shadow land, through pathways
dim,
Bears us to Him ?

—But those fourteen, the while,
Wrapt in the present, smile
On their grim baffled foe ;
Till o'er the wall he heaps
The fuel-pile, and steeps

With all that burns and blasts ;—and now, perforce,
 they go
 Hack'd down and thinn'd, beyond that temple
 door
 But Seven,—no more.

O Element at strife
 With this poor human life,
 Stern laws of Nature fair !
 By flame constrain'd to fly,—
 The treacherous stream they try,—
 And those dark Ganges waves suck down the souls
 they bear !—
 O crowning anguish ! Dawn of hope in sight ;
 Then, final night !

And now, Four heads, no more,
 Life's flotsam flung ashore,
 They lie : —O not as they
 Who o'er a dreadful past
 The heart's-ease sigh may cast !
 Too worn ! too tried !—their lives but given them
 as a prey !
 Whilst all seems now a dream, a nought of nought,
 For which they fought !

—O stout Fourteen, who bled
 O'erwhelm'd, not vanquish'd !
 In those dark days of blood
 How many did, and died,
 And others at their side
 Fresh heroes, sprang,—a race that cannot be sub-
 dued !
 —Like them who pass'd Death's vale, and
 lived ;—the Four
 Saved from Cawnpore !

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW (MARCH
1863)

BY R. T. S. LOWELL

Oh ! that last day in Lucknow fort !

We knew that it was the last ;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men, and we all worked on :
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee.
" When my father comes hame frae the plough,"
she said,
" Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke, and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village lane,
And wall, and garden—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke :

“ The Highlanders ; oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa—
The Macgregors ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
It’s the grandest o’ them a’ ;

“ God bless thae bonnie Highlanders !
We’re saved ! we’re saved ! ” she cried ;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die ,
Was life so near them then ?

They listened for life : but the rattling fire
Far off and the far-off roar
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said : “ That slogan’s dune ;
But can ye no hear them, noo ?—
The Campbells are coming ! It’s no’ a dream ;
Our succours hae broken through ! ”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound ;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR 391

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "Auld Lang Syne";
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd!
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them
Our men put Jessie first:
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears.
For the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

*[Told to the Author by the late Sir Charles James
Napier.]*

BY SIR FRANCIS H. DOYLE

ELEVEN men of England
A breast-work charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped and gashed, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered,
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dis-
 may,

Lord of their wild Truckee.¹

These missed the glen to which their steps
 were bent,

Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard
 And, in that glorious error, calmly went
 To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
 Above those daring dead ;
 "Bring here," at length he shouted,
 "Bring quick, the battle thread.

Let Eblis blast for ever
 Their souls if Allah will :
 But we must keep unbroken
 The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
 Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
 Before the holy Prophet
 Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
 Before Secunder's lances
 Pierced through each Indian glen ;
 The mountain laws of honour
 Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
 We bind with green *one* wrist—
 Green for the brave, for heroes
 ONE crimson thread we twist.
 Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
 For these, whose life has fled,
 Which is the fitting colour,
 The green one, or the red ?

¹ A stronghold in the Desert, supposed to be inaccessible and impregnable.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR 393

“Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may
wear,

 Their green reward,” each noble savage said ;
To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves
 shall tear,

 Who dares deny the red ? ”

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the
 right,

 Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict
 came ;

Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
 Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly

 Down on those daring dead :

From his good sword their heart’s blood

 Crept to that crimson thread.

Once more he cried, “The judgment,

 Good friends, is wise and true,

But though the red *be* given,

 Have we not more to do ?

“These were not stirred by anger

 Nor yet by lust made bold ;

Renown they thought above them,

 Nor did they look for gold.

To them their leader’s signal

 Was as the voice of God :

Removed, and uncomplaining

 The path it showed they trod.

“As, without sound or struggle,

 The stars unhurrying march

Where Allah’s finger guides them

 Through yonder purple arch,

These Franks, sublimely silent,

 Without a quickened breath,

Went, in the strength of duty,

 Straight to their goal of death.

OUR EMPRESS QUEEN

“ If I were now to ask you,
 To name our bravest man
 Ye all at once would answer,
 They call'd him, Mehrab Khan.
 He sleeps among his fathers
 Dear to our native land,
 With the bright mark he bled for
 Firm round his fathful hand.

“ He says they sing of Roostum
 Fill all the past with light ;
 If truth be in their music
 He was a noble knight.
 But were those heroes living,
 And strong for battle still
 Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
 Have climbed like these, the Hill ? ”

And they replied, “ Though Mehrab Khan
 was brave,
 As chief, he chose himself what risks to run
 Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
 Which these had never done.”

“ Enough,” he shouted fiercely ;
 “ Doomed though they be to hell,
 Bind fast the crimson trophy
 Round BOTH wrists—bind it well !
 Who knows but that great Allah
 May grudge such matchless men,
 With none so decked in heaven,
 To the fiends' flaming den ? ”

OUR EMPRESS QUEEN

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

VICTORIA ! Queen of a nation
 That governs the heart of the world !
 Thy Empire of love is the station
 Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.

What son would not die to defend thee,
Who rulest our loves and our lives ?
The heart of our manhood we send thee ;
The blessing of mothers and wives.
Victoria ! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song !
At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that have lov'd thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill ;
A maid in thy beauty we found thee,
As Mother we honour thee still !

Victoria ! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garner'd behold !
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love !
Victoria ! Star of our story !
Thou light of the days that have been !
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen !

THE GUIDES AT CABUL (1879)

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

Sons of the Island Race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that
burn,
The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to
learn,

When succour shall fail and the tide for a season
turn
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood
With stormy volleys that swept them gunner
from gun,
And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan
sun,
Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched
at bay,
And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked
their hold,
Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,
Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,
Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
Hamilton, last of the English, covered the track,
“Never give in!” he cried, and he heard them shout,
And grappled with death as a man that knows not
doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering
barrack again,
And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that
spoke:
“Come, for we know that the English all are slain,
We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk;
Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror’s
yoke.”
Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering
word.

" Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this
 wrong,
 That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade
 us fight ?
 We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong ?
 They that have fallen—ye know that their blood
 was bright !
 Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the
 light
 The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
 Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead ? "

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
 To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
 Came on the men of the Guides : they flung apart
 The doors not all their valour could longer keep ;
 They dressed their slender line ; they breathed
 deep,
 And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
 To the clash and clamour and dust of death they
 went.

RORKE'S DRIFT (1879)

BY ERNEST PERTWEE

IN danger's hour when'er the need
 Arises, England's sons proclaim
 In some heroic deathless deed
 Their right to wear Earth's proudest name ;
 Willing to dare the sudden grave,
 Victory to win or shame to save.

Nigh twenty years have passed away,
 Since at Rorke's Drift, in iron mood,
 'Gainst Zulu fire and assegai
 That handful of our soldiers stood
 A hundred men that place to guard !
 Their officers Bromhead and Chard.

RORKE'S DRIFT

A sorry place to meet the force
The impact of that swarthy wave.
Only a group of traders' stores,
To act as fort and shield the brave :
And lo ! beneath the pall of night
Three thousand Zulus join the fight.

No mean assailants these but *men*
Though savages, blood-drunk withal :
'Tis thirty unto one—but then,
We are the key that guards Natal ;
Helpmakaar, Greytown, yet are free,
But only while we stem that sea.

Wave upon barbarous wave they roll
Against our frail, rude, barricade ;
One mind, one purpose, and one soul,
The shock is met all undismayed :
Six times within our ramparts,—yet
We drive them back with bayonet.

But see ! from hospital there break
Rough tongues of sudden flame, that tell
A saddened tale, and fears first wake
Lest merged within that direful hell,—
Our sick, our wounded,—thirty-five,—
Butchered must be or burnt alive.

God of our fathers ! help us now !
With treble strength our sinews brace,
To fight the flame and the dark foe,
And bear the helpless from this place ;
He heard our prayer !—with triumph's shout,
Each wounded warrior was brought out.

So through the lurid, flamelit night,
Raged and re-raged that bloody fray :
Desperate courage led the fight,
Till at the first dawn of the day,
Baffled, defeated, vanquished too,
The dusky warriors withdrew.

Such was the stand our valour made,
By dauntless pluck, by deathless deed,
Brave handful who all undismayed,
Followed their fearless captain's lead,
And held the fort, and won the fight,
And reasserted England's Might.

ABOU KLEA (JANUARY 17, 1885)

BY GEORGE BARLOW

OUR English manhood's still the same
As in the days of Waterloo ;
The sons uphold their fathers' fame,
Beneath strange skies of burning blue.
The race is growing old, some say,
And half worn out and past its prime ;
But English rifles volley "Nay,"
And English manhood conquers time.
Then fear not, and veer not
From duty's narrow way :
What men have done, can still be done,
And shall be done to-day !

The broad wild desert stretched away
For many and many a weary league ;
Our soldiers suffered day by day,
Enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue.
But still, when their fierce foes they met,
They fought and conquered as of old :
The sun of England has not set ;
Our nation's story is not told.
Then blench not and quench not
High hope's glad golden ray :
What men have done, can still be done,
And shall be done to-day !

MAJUBA DAY

GENERAL GORDON.

[BORN 1833 ; *Killed at Khartoum, January 26,*
1885.]

BY GEORGE BARLOW.

IN these wild later days when faith seems dead
And the old Hebrew creed a worn-out thing ;
When hope in Heaven's eternal righteous King
Seems fading from the earth, despair instead
Filling the hearts of Youth and Age with dread
And crowning Winter and dethroning Spring ;
When no man knows what the next morn may
bring ;
While watching sunset flaunts, its soulless red ;
When grim doubt triumphs, all hearts wax cold
And weary, yet again was faith new-born
In one man's heart on whom the world's first morn
Still gleamed, with God within the morning's gold :
God, disregarding this deep century's scorn,
Spake face to face with one man as of old.

MAJUBA DAY (1900)

BY HAROLD

O BOES, it was a dreary day until you came and
spoke,
The drizzle dripped so silent and the air it made
us choke,
For the wind had quit the city, and the rain it fell
and fell,
And the gloom was like the moments when a sexton
tolls his bell.

But you spoke, light-footed captain, and the town
began to smile,
We could see the streets and 'buses all a-grinning
for a mile !
And the club forgot the climate, and the clerk forgot
his till,
And they talked of little Roberts—and a distant
stricken hill ;

Of a hill where England sorrows, and has shed her
mother tears,
Through the weary, weary waiting of the bitter, bitter
years,
Of a hill where trembling statesmen dug our honour's
shallow grave—
Dried our blood with coward parchment and bowed
down before a knave !

You put heart into the squadrons when they stand
in grim array—
You gave heart to England's Empire when you kept
Majuba Day !
And the cheer that gives you answer rolls its thunder
from afar—
From the muddy streets of London, from the heights
of Kandahar.

* * *

His aching loss he put away with firm and patriot
hand,
Tearless the veteran turned from home to serve his
Queen and land,
And the love he bears for England steeled the hand
and nerved the brain
To the blow which broke rebellion, cleared our
honour of its stain !

LADYSMITH

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS

I. LADYSMITH OCCUPIED

FLUSHED with fight and red with glory,
Conquerors if backward flung,
Fresh from triumphs grim and gory,
Toward the goal the Army swung;
Splendid, but with recent laurels
Dimmed by shadow of defeat,
Thirsting yet for nobler quarrels—
Never dreaming of retreat.

Day by day they grimly struggled,
Early on and on till late;
Night by night with doom they juggled,
Dodging Death and fighting Fate.
Nor a murmur once was spoken,
Stern endurance still unspent,
As with spirit all unbroken
On the bitter march they went.

Still with weary steps that stumbled,
Forward moved that constant tread,
Sleepless, silent, and unhumbled,
On and on the army sped,
Noble sons of noble mothers,
Proud of home and kin and kith,
Brothers to the aid of brothers,
On and on to Ladysmith.

There, through smoke of onset rifted,
Soldiers who disdained to yield
Had for weal or woe uplifted
England's own broad battle-shield.
Right across the path of pillage
Wás that iron rampart thrust,
While beneath it town and village

LADYSMITH

BY F. HARALD WILLIAMS

I. LADYSMITH OCCUPIED

FLUSHED with fight and red with glory,
Conquerors if backward flung,
Fresh from triumphs grim and gory,
Toward the goal the Army swung;
Splendid, but with recent laurels
Dimmed by shadow of defeat,
Thirsting yet for nobler quarrels—
Never dreaming of retreat.

Day by day they grimly struggled,
Early on and on till late;
Night by night with doom they juggled,
Dodging Death and fighting Fate.
Nor a murmur once was spoken,
Stern endurance still unspent,
As with spirit all unbroken
On the bitter march they went.

Still with weary steps that stumbled,
Forward moved that constant tread,
Sleepless, silent, and unhumbled,
On and on the army sped,
Noble sons of noble mothers,
Proud of home and kin and kith,
Brothers to the aid of brothers,
On and on to Ladysmith.

There, through smoke of onset rifted,
Soldiers who disdained to yield
Had for weal or woe uplifted
England's own broad battle-shield.
Right across the path of pillage
Wes that iron rampart thrust,
While beneath it town and village
Safely hid in settled trust.

Frail and open seemed that shelter
And unguarded to the foes,
Helpless, as the fiery welter
Rocked it in volcanic throes ;
But there was defence to bind it
With the force of Destiny,
And an Empire stood behind it
Armed in awful majesty.

And no fortress ever moulded
Girt securer chosen space,
Than those unseen walls which folded
In their fear that lonely place.
On its Outposts far the scourges
Fell with wrath and crimson rain
But the fierce assaulting surges
Beat and beat in thunder vain

II. LADYSMITH BESIEGED

There they kept the old flag flying
Day by day and prayed relief,
Weary, wounded, doomed, and dying—
Gallant men and noble chief
By the leaden tempest stricken,
Grandly stood or grandly fell—
Peril had but power to quicken
Faith that owned such holy spell.

Not alone the foe without them
Menaced them with fire and shot,
Sickness creeping round about them,
Fever, dysentery, and rot,
Struck the rider and the stallion,
Making merry as at feast
On the pick of each battalion—
Ruthless, smiting man and beast.

None were spared and nothing holy,
For the fever claimed the best,
Now the high and now the lowly,
Now the baby at the breast,
All obeyed its mandate, drooping
In the fulness of their power,
Old and young before it stooping,
Bud and blossom, fruit and flower.

Hunger blanched their dauntless faces,
Furrowed with the lines of lack,
But with stern and stubborn paces
Still they drove the spoiler back.
Round them drew the iron tether
Tighter, but they kept their troth,
All for England's sake together—
Soldier and civilian both.

Death and ruin knock and enter,
Hearts may break and homesteads burn
Yet from that lone faithful centre
Flashed red vengeance in return :
Guardian guns thence hurled defiance
From the brave who lightly took
All their blows in brave reliance,
Which no tempest ever shook.

Hand to hand they strove and wrestled
Stoutly for that pearl of pride,
Where mid flame and woe it nestled
Down with danger at its side.
Yet like boys released from class time,
Through the blast destroying view,
There they played and found a pastime
While the Flag unconquered flew.

III. LADYSMITH RELIEVED, *March*, 1900.

Then, when all seemed lost but glory
With the lustre which it gave,
And Relief an idle story
Murmured by a sealèd grave ;
While with pallid lips they reckoned
Darkly the enduring days
Famished, lo ! Deliverance beckoned
Surely after long delays.

Wave on wave of martial beauty,
Dashed upon those deadly rocks
At the simple call of duty,
And were broken by the shocks,
Yet that chivalry of splendour,
Though baptized in blood and fire,
Had no thought of mean surrender,
Never breathed the word retire.

Still they weighed the dreadful chances,
Still they gathered up their strength,
By invincible advances
Steeled to win the prize at length.
Fate-like their resolve to sever
Those gaunt bonds of grim despair,
And within the breach for ever
England's honour to repair.

Came relief at last, endeavour,
Stern, magnificent, and true,
Hoping on and fighting ever,
Forced its gory passage through.
All the rage of pent-up forces,
All the passion seeking vent
Out of vast and solemn sources,
Here renewed their sacrament ;

In the rapture of a greeting
 For which thousands fought and bled,
 With the saved and saviours meeting
 Over our Imperial dead.
 Witnesses unseen but tested
 Lived again as grander men,
 And their awful shadow rested
 With a benediction then ;

One who with his wondrous talent
 Conquered more than even the sword,
 And among the gay and gallant
 By his pen was crownèd lord.
 There they lie in silence lowly
 Which no battle now can wake,
 And the ground is ever holy
 For our English heroes' sake.

MAFEKING (MAY, 1900)

BY REV. A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

OFt as the shades of evening fell,
 In the school-boy days of old,—
 The form work done, or the game played well,—
 Clanging aloft the old school bell
 Uttered its summons bold
 And a bright lad answered the roll-call clear,
 “ Adsum,—I'm here ! ”

A foe-girt town and a captain true
 Out on the Afric plain ;—
 High overhead his Queen's flag flew,
 But foes were many and friends but few,
 Who shall guard that flag from stain ?
 And calm 'mid confusion a voice rang clear,
 “ Adsum,—I'm here ! ”

The slow weeks passed, and no succour came
 Famine and death were rife
 Yet still that banner of deathless fame,
 Floated, unsullied by fear or shame,
 Over the scene of strife
 And the voice—though weaker—was full of cheer,
 “Adsum,—I’m here !”

Heaven send, that when many a heart’s dismayed,
 In dark days yet in store,—
 Should foemen gather ; or, faith betrayed.
 The country call for a strong man’s aid
 As she never called before,—
 A voice like his may make answer clear,
 Banishing panic, and calming fear,
 “Adsum,—I’m here !”

QUEEN VICTORIA

[DIED FEBRUARY 22, 1901.]

BY LORD TENNYSON.

HER court was pure ; her life serene ;
 God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
 A thousand claims to reverence closed
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

And statesmen at her council met
 Who knew the seasons when to take
 Occasion by the hand, and make
 The bounds of freedom wider yet.

By shaping some august decree,
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,
 Broad-based upon her people’s will
 And compass’d by the inviolate sea.